

The Sketch

No. 705.—Vol. LV.

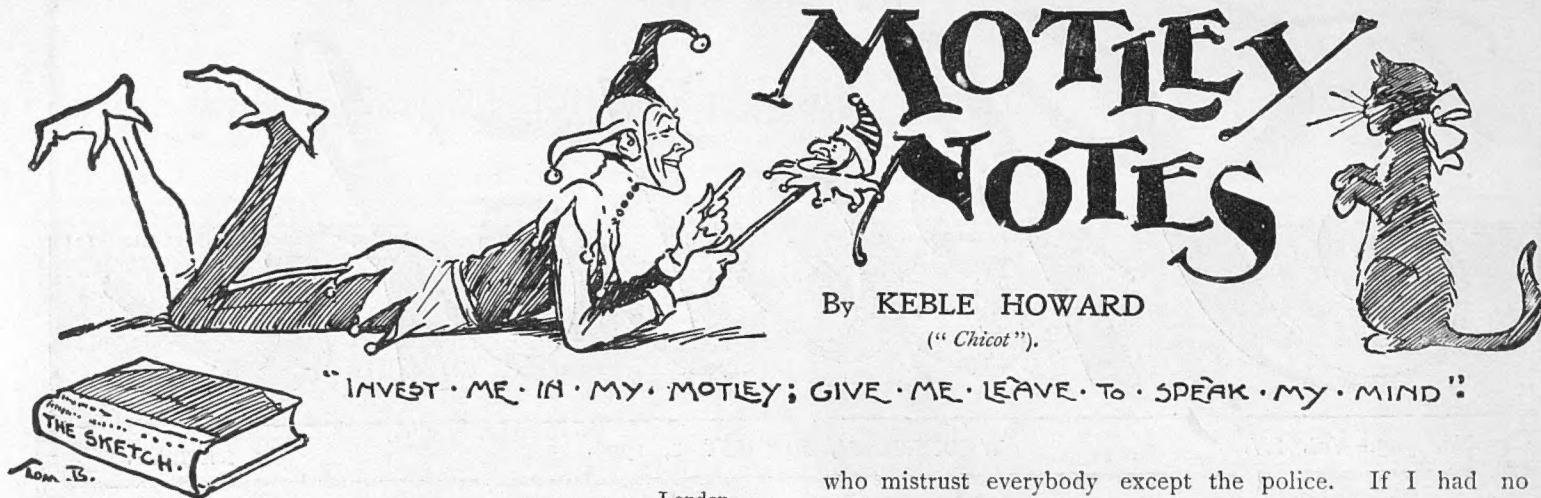
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS JOE PARROT IN "DOWN OUR ALLEY," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



London.

I WISH it to be understood that I refuse, definitely and absolutely, to wear a blue dress coat. Though every other man in London wear one, yet will not I. I had rather be a dog and bay the moon. Why, it is only when I am in the wilds of the country that I dare wear a coloured necktie. Black by day and white by night, I find, are the comfortable colours for the tie of a naturally modest and retiring person. If Fashion decrees that every man shall appear in the evening in a blue dress coat, I shall defy Fashion. If the law of the land lends Fashion support, I shall either stay indoors or go to prison. Mind you, I don't object in the least to the clothes of other men. They may wear black, white, grey, purple, cerise, or motley—just as they please. It is sufficient for me that I try on a motley garb within the four walls of my study: even that, time and oft, makes me blush. How I envy, in my heart of hearts, the "dressy" men! What would I not give for a tithe of the assurance that enables them to strut to and fro in patent leather boots with green tops, coats that are laced in at the waist and stuck out over the hips, neckties that dazzle the cab-horses the moment that the wearer turns the corner of the street, trousers that cling like ivy to the leg, gloves that would put a cornfield to shame, and waistcoats that compel the heavens to weep with rage!

Have you ever noticed that these fortunate ones are men below the average height? To tall men, as a rule, the necessary assurance is denied. They feel sufficiently conspicuous, poor things, in the simplest clothing that their tailor will allow them to wear. Many tall men are so shy that they stay indoors all day, wishing they had ne'er been born. The small man, on the other hand, leaps into the glare of the noonday sun in all the glory of his multi-coloured raiment, caracoles down Piccadilly, prances down the Haymarket, and fetches up in Pall Mall with a large enough stock of self-esteem to make eight tall men happily complacent for a fortnight. For my own part, being two inches over the six feet that constitute misery, I have a passionate desire to go about in a long grey ulster, reaching from neck to feet, with my head in a cowl, and blue glasses over my eyes. Then, I think, I could look out upon the world unabashed. There are good people, we know, who undertake to cure stammering. Surely there is a fortune waiting for the man who can teach the lengthy ones of the earth to feel comfortable in clothes that attract attention! Women, of course, are simply amazing. They actually like to be looked at! They will go out to lunch at a public restaurant in hats as big as mill-wheels, and enjoy their food! Wonderful, wonderful women!

London, so enterprising in many ways, is still, in one respect, behind the times: it does not attempt to keep its hold upon Londoners during August. I have often prated about the pleasures of spending August in London. (Before these lines are in print I shall be off again, but that has nothing to do with it.) There is a feeling of holiday in the air that tempts those who remain in town to be nice to one another. Shopkeepers, and barbers, and waiters are quite pleased to see you. Their smiles of welcome help one to realise the thrill of joy with which a man suddenly meets his mother-in-law in the middle of the Sahara. I have known violent enemies, men antipathetic in every way, sit together in a London club on a hot August night, hold hands, and cry for very sympathy. It is worth anybody's while to give up a month's fishing, or motoring, or golfing, to witness so beautiful, so ennobling a sight. It is generally supposed, again, that London is dull in August. This is nonsense, for, if nearly all the theatres are closed, the streets are filled, from morning to night, with the quaintest characters conceivable. They stand, hot but happy, outside Charing Cross Station, and ask the way to Trafalgar Square. I love them, those red-faced, wondering dears,

who mistrust everybody except the police. If I had no other engagement—

I learn from the *World* that "it is no longer a popular or a paying game for a guest to be pleasant. Indeed, one is counted something of a bore if one is continually amiable and willing." In fact, this is the kind of conversation that may be overheard in any really nice house after breakfast—

HOSTESS. Good morning. I hope you slept well.

GUEST. Rotten! Why don't you get some decent beds? And can't you stop those beastly birds singing at some unearthly hour?

HOSTESS (*delighted*). How charming of you to mention it. I was so afraid you would say that everything was all right.

GUEST. Not much! I suppose you've got another deadly dull day for us?

HOSTESS. Well, some of the party are going to motor over to Faircross Abbey. Have you ever seen it? It's considered very beautiful.

GUEST. Seen it? No jolly fear, and don't mean to. Loathe abbeys.

HOSTESS (*charmed beyond measure*). You dear man! I expect you would much prefer to lie in a hammock and read a novel?

GUEST. Bosh! You talk like a fool.

HOSTESS. Believe me, you're a man after my own heart.

GUEST. Much more likely that you're after mine.

HOSTESS. Capital! I must tell Tom that. He'll be in ecstasies. By the way, you wouldn't care to go up in the balloon, would you? I think they let her go about twelve.

GUEST. My good woman, why don't you mind your own business?

HOSTESS. Well, we shouldn't like to think that you were dull, you know.

GUEST. Dull? What else do you expect a man to be in a hole like this?

HOSTESS (*radiant*). It *is* a hole, isn't it?

GUEST. For heaven's sake, don't cackle! It doesn't suit you.

HOSTESS. I know. I was so afraid that you would forget to remark on it. Do you like me, by the way?

GUEST. I think you're the silliest person I ever met!

HOSTESS. If you talk like that, I shall fall in love with you!

GUEST. Oh, be off with you! I want to sleep. I may dream that I'm somewhere more entertaining.

HOSTESS (*tenderly arranging his cushions*). You darling.

GUEST. Don't do that! It's vulgar. Besides, it tickles.

HOSTESS (*to her husband*). I really think Captain Gawthorp is the rudest man we ever entertained.

HOST. Quite! Whatever you do, don't forget to ask him next year.

Mr. W. T. Stead, who is always ready to distribute ideas, has been telling the readers of *Cassell's Magazine* how to master the art of literary expression. This is the trick: "Fall in love with a good and clever woman old enough to be your mother, who lives a good way off, whom you cannot marry, and who has the good sense not to fall in love with you, but to be quite willing for you to write her as many letters as you please. Nothing improves a man's style and develops a facility for the expression of emotion so much as writing to a superior woman whom he ardently loves. His passion always supplies him with plenty to say, and her superiority in age and culture is a constant spur to write his very best." If these lines happen to come under the notice of some good and clever woman old enough to be my mother, who lives a very long way off and does not mind receiving a couple of thousand burning words by every post, I shall be only too grateful if she will communicate with me at *The Sketch* office. As to the falling-in-love part of the business, candidates forwarding photographs should enclose stamps for return.

"DOWN OUR ALLEY" AND "MONSIEUR DE PARIS,"
AT THE GARRICK.



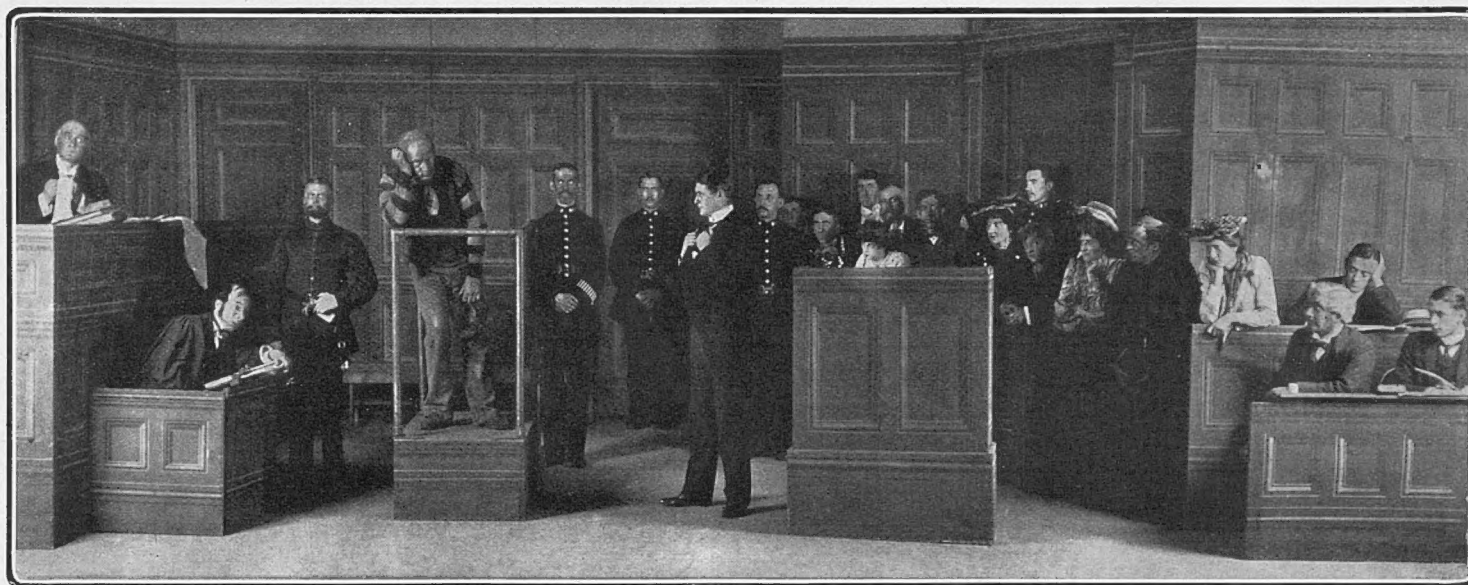
Jacinta (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Georges Delpit (Mr. Charles V. France). Henri Le Febvre (Mr. Julian L'Estrange).

"MONSIEUR DE PARIS."—JACINTA THINKS SHE HEARS THE KNOCK THAT, COMING ON THE EVE OF AN EXECUTION, MEANS THE DEATH OF WHOSOEVER SHALL OPEN THE DOOR TO IT.



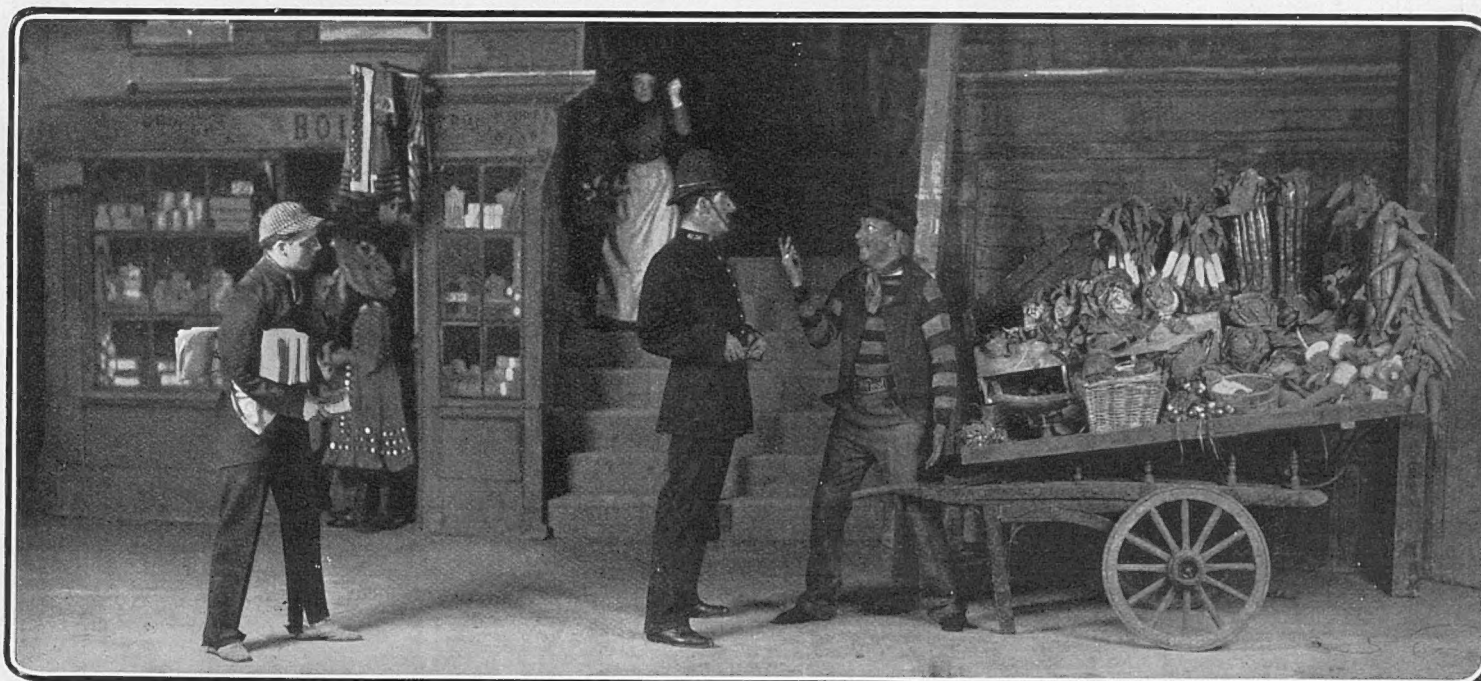
Henri Le Febvre (Mr. Julian L'Estrange). Jacinta (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Georges Delpit (Mr. Charles V. France).

"MONSIEUR DE PARIS."—JACINTA, FINDING THAT HER LOVER WOULD DESERT HER ON LEARNING THAT HER FATHER IS EXECUTIONER OF FRANCE, STABS HIM, AND HE FALLS DEAD AT HER FEET.



Mr. Fiddler (Mr. Charles V. France). Usher (Mr. J. H. Brewer). Joe Parrot (Mr. Arthur Bourchier). Lambert Lane (Mr. Julian L'Estrange). Dr. Matthews (Mr. Arthur Whitty).

"DOWN OUR ALLEY."—JOE PARROT, AN OLD COSTERMONGER, IS TRIED ON A CHARGE OF OBSTRUCTION AND INSULTING THE POLICE.



The Rat (Mr. Walter Pearce). Pauline Bollet (Miss Kate Phillips). P.C. Richard Pepper (Mr. Lawson Butt). Joe Parrot (Mr. Arthur Bourchier).

"DOWN OUR ALLEY."—P.C. RICHARD PEPPER INSISTS ON JOE PARROT "MOVING ON," WHICH THE LATTER REFUSES TO DO UNTIL HE HAS THE MONEY OWED TO HIM BY PAULINE BOLLET.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Blue Dress-Coat—Adaptations of the Windsor Uniform—Lord Minto's Hospitality at Simla—The Guest on the Car—Sir Robert Hart's Decorations—From An Ch'a Ssu to Junior Guardian of the Heir-Apparent.

THE black dress-coat is likely to die hard, in spite of all the assaults the tailors propose to make on it. The fact that the King's Household wear a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons is not at all likely to induce the ordinary man of the clubs to change the colour of his coat; indeed, he would probably resent the idea that he is snob enough to copy what is really a royal uniform. Some men now wear velvet collars on their black dress-coats, but it gives the coat rather the appearance of forming part of the wardrobe of a theatre.

There is little doubt, I think, that the man in a blue dress-coat will be much chaffed about it, being asked whether he is wearing the dress-coat of his Hunt and whether that Hunt is beagles or harriers.

The men who will follow the fashion of the blue coat with its black silk linings and gold buttons are those on the staffs of all the rulers of our colonies and dependencies—Viceroys, Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, and the like. It has been the custom for our pro-consuls and satraps to put their A.D.C.'s and private secretaries into dress-coats with coloured silk linings and coloured lapels. I fancy that these adaptations of

worse than breaking a law which all motorists break, but matters were different when he came to the outskirts of a village, and having slowed down, was told to go on. He said something which was in effect a protest, but obeyed orders and quickened speed again. I, the guest in the car, then thought it necessary to protest. The chauffeur, at my first words, did what he had wanted to do and slowed down. The lady, who said there was no danger,—and perhaps there was none—was furiously angry, and I made an enemy for life. I believe I was right in what I did, but it proves that the position of the guest on the car is not always a happy one.

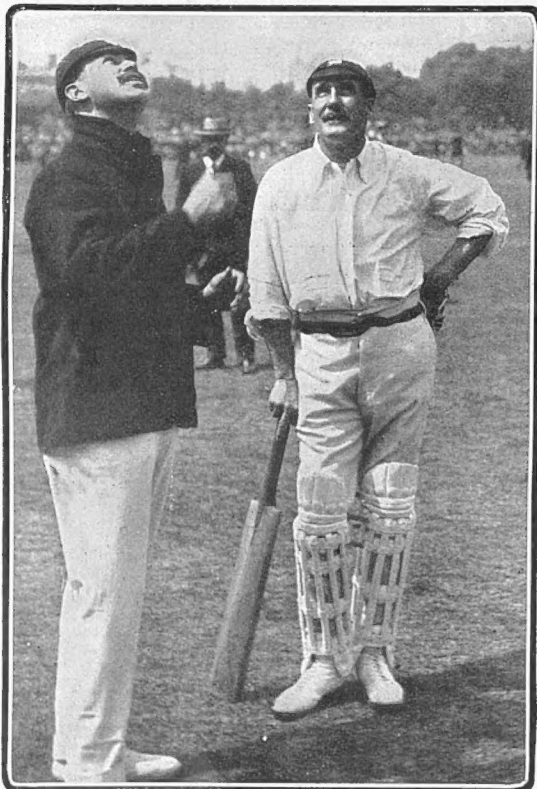
Sir Robert Hart is coming home from China, after more than fifty years of trying work as Inspector-General of Customs. No Briton—Chinese Gordon and Sir Halliday Macartney, perhaps, excepted—has been so absolutely trusted by the Court of Peking as Sir Robert has been, and no white man has ever done such splendid service for the Land of the Dragon. He drew his European subordinates from all the countries of the Western Continent, and they were, and are, all good men. Whenever there has been an anti-European riot in a Chinese city, the Custom officers have always come out of the disturbance with credit. I was in Hong-Kong when Shameen, the European quarter of Canton, was looted and burned by a mob, and I remember that the Custom House officers held to their posts till the very last moment. Their knowledge of Chinese character and the information they are given by their native underlings generally enable them to give timely warning of any coming anti-Christian riot.

Sir Robert has as many Grand Crosses of the great Orders of Europe as any statesman of our time, and there are some kings who cannot show such a firmament of Stars as he is entitled to wear. He is a G.C.M.G., and Austria, France, Italy, the Pope, Portugal, Norway, Holland, Prussia, Belgium, have all given him decorations. His progress in rank as a mandarin reads curiously. Beginning as a mere An Ch'a Ssu, he gained his red button, then his peacock's feather, next he was given ancestral rank of the first class of the first order for three generations, and finally he was awarded the brevet title of Junior Guardian of the Heir-Apparent.



AN "ANCIENT ROMAN" AND A VERY MODERN BRITON: A PERFORMER ON HIS WAY TO TAKE PART IN THE RIPON PAGEANT.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE GREATEST CRICKET MATCH OF THE SEASON—SURREY v. YORKSHIRE: THE RIVAL CAPTAINS, LORD DALMENY AND LORD HAWKE, TOSSING.

The Surrey v. Yorkshire match for the benefit of Walter Lees drew a magnificent gate, and among the spectators on the first day were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Mary, and Princes Edward and Albert. Surrey won by nine wickets.

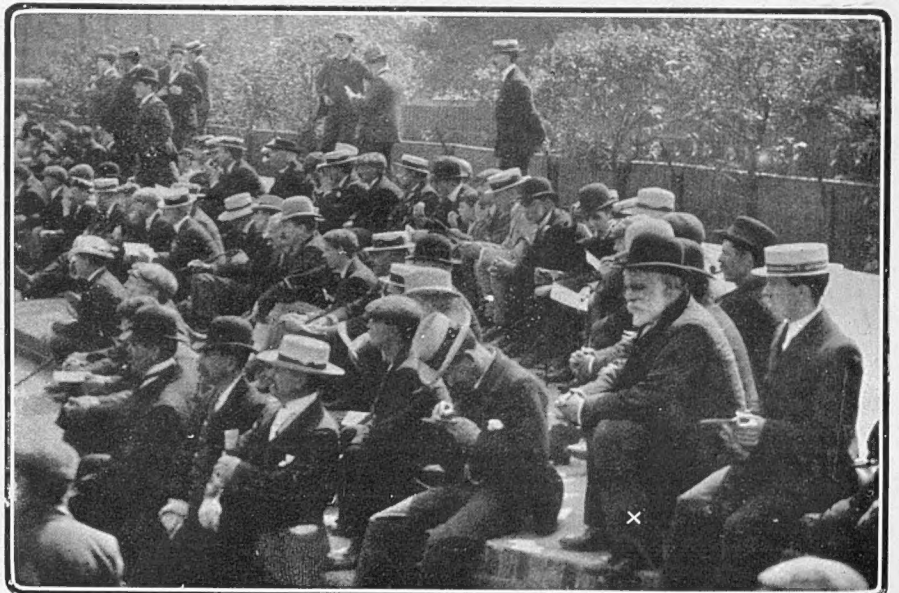
Photograph by Halfstones, Ltd.

the Windsor coat will now gradually disappear, and that the blue coat with gold buttons and black lining will take its place, the "M" of Lord Minto, for instance, or the cypher of the Governor taking the place of the Royal "E. VII."

I hear from India that Lord Curzon's successor in that country is entertaining with great splendour at Simla. A lady writing from the summer capital in the hills tells me that there is a ball or a dance or a dinner-party at the Viceregal Lodge every other day. Allowing for feminine exaggeration there is no doubt that the Mintos are entertaining very largely, and are becoming very popular. Lord Kitchener, who, so the Anglo-Indian ladies say, has been quite falsely accused of being a misogynist, has also been giving balls at Snowdon.

If the recommendations of the Motor-Car Commission are accepted, the owner of a car may be punished for abetting his chauffeur in breaking the rules, which seems to be quite fair. A difficult position is that of the guest on the car when things are going wrong. Under what circumstances should a man who is not the owner of the car and is not legally responsible interfere with the driver? There are so many degrees of danger that it is difficult to say when a mere passenger is entitled to give orders to a man who is not his servant. The matter becomes even more complicated when a lady representing the owner urges the driver to go at a pace which is dangerous to the public.

A case in which I was concerned occurred a week or two ago. A lady, a relative of the owner of the car, occupied the seat next to the chauffeur, and ordered him to drive quickly. On the clear high road he was doing nothing



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS INDULGES IN A SHILLINGSWORTH OF CRICKET: THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD WATCHING THE SURREY v. YORKSHIRE MATCH AT THE OVAL.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

"AMASIS" AND "BUDGE."



*Miss Ruth Vincent and her
Baby Boy, "Budge."*

Miss Ruth Vincent, who is to play lead in "Amasis" at the New Theatre, is the wife of Captain Fraser.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
At 9.15, in DOWN OUR ALLEY. At 8.40, MONSIEUR DE PARIS. MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH as Jacinta. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 sharp.
In a New Comedy, HIS HOUSE IN ORDER, by A. W. PINERO.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2 o'clock.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S NEW CHINESE COMIC OPERA, SEE-SEE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY,
at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

EMPIRE, Leicester Square.—**COPPELIA,** Mlle. ADELINÉ GENEÉ, VENUS, 1906 (last week), and Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

Patron: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s. Season Tickets 10s. 6d.
THE MASTERPIECES OF LEADING ARTISTS—CHARMING PICTURES—EXQUISITE STATUARY—HANDICRAFTS OF THE VIENNESE GUILDS—FASHIONS—FURNITURE—BRONZES—CHINA—GLASS ART PRINTING—BAKERY—SAUSAGE FACTORY—A TRIP THROUGH LOVELY AUSTRIA.
GRAND MILITARY AND PROMENADE CONCERTS.

TYROL VILLAGE in the EMPRESS HALL.
Life in the Mountains—Real Waterfall—Ice Grotto—Tyrolean Songs and Dances—SUMMER THEATRE—VIENNA BY NIGHT. GREAT PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF ISEL. THE SALT MINE. THE VIENNA PRATER. Otto's Wonder Cats. Helter Skelter. Cavern of the Sirens. Lake. Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machine.
AUSTRIAN RESTAURANT CAFE AND LAGER-BEER HALL.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL.
MOST CHARMING IN THE PROVINCES.
Re-furnished, Re-decorated. Recherche Cuisine. Large Garage. Resident Engineer.

SUNNY WEYMOUTH.—The English Naples. Bracing Breezes, Beautiful Bay, Unrivalled Bathing, Municipal Orchestra, Open-Air Concerts. First-Class Golf Links (18 holes). Splendid Tennis and Croquet Lawns in Public Gardens. Maximum Sunshine of any seaside resort.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light. Sanitation officially certified. High-class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.
THE ROYAL ROUTE.
COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.
Official Guide 6d.
Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, Ltd., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CHEAP CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.
THE ARDENNES, 35s. 5d.
BRUSSELS (for Waterloo) and Back, 30s. 11d.
By G.E.R. Co.'s large twin-screw passenger steamers.
Via Harwich-Antwerp every week-day.
Season Tickets over Belgian Railways issued.
ROYAL BRITISH MAIL HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND Route to the Continent daily. EXPRESS SERVICES to Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna. THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and Bale. London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland. CORRIDOR TRAIN, Dining and Breakfast Cars. London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Dining and Breakfast Cars. Improved service from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. New Corridor Vestibuled Trains with Dining and Breakfast Cars between York and Harwich. Particulars at 12a, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL, one of the finest in London, adjoins Terminus.
H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via Harwich and Esbjerg.
The Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen sail from HARWICH (Parkeston Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday night, returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday evening. Sea voyage about 23 hours.
Return Fares: Esbjerg, 60s. 6d.; Copenhagen, 80s. 11d.
The service will be performed by the s.s. "J. C. La Cour" and s.s. "N. J. Fjord." These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers.
For further information address the United Shipping Company, Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers "PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE." EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Dining and Breakfast Cars. First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d. Second Class, Single, 25s. 6d.; Return, 38s. 6d. Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London E.C.

MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF IRELAND.
VISIT
CONNEMARA, ACHILL,
AND
WEST OF IRELAND.

RAILWAY CO.'S HOTELS AT RECESS (CONNEMARA) and
MALLARANNY (ACHILL.)

For Particulars as to TOURS, &c., apply to Superintendent of Line, Broadstone Station, Dublin; Mr. Joseph Hoey, 50, Castle Street, Liverpool; Mr. J. F. Ritson, 180, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; Sleeping Car and International Express Trains Co., 20, Cockspur Street, London; or to any of Messrs Cook and Sons' Tourist Offices.

JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager.

The Best Novel for Holiday Reading

IS

THE WOMAN AT KENSINGTON

which is the latest creation of that arch-weaver of mysteries, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, and shows the author at his best. It presents something quite unique in literature, and is an extraordinarily exciting story full of mysterious complications which are skilfully unravelled by the author at the end of the volume. Many of the amazing incidents are based on fact, and several of the characters are drawn from the living model.

Now on Sale at all Booksellers, 6/-

CASELL and CO., Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOURS.

THE ST. JAMES' STUDIO,

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

45, OLD BOND STREET, W.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.

CANADA: New "Empress" Steamers, Largest and Fastest to Canada. Four days open sea. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, from Liverpool.
JAPAN (24 days), **CHINA, AUSTRALIA.** Inclusive fares from Liverpool via Vancouver.

RAIL TOURS: Some of the WORLD'S GRANDEST SCENERY is on the Canadian Pacific.
Apply C. P. Rly., 62, Charing Cross, S.W. (facing Trafalgar Sq.); or 67, King William St., E.C.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-four (from April 18 to July 11, 1906) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.	ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THANKS to Queen Alexandra, the children's garden-party has been one of the features of the Season of 1906. Her Majesty's example in this matter has been followed by many great hostesses, notably by Mary, Lady Ilchester, at Holland House. The lovely gardens of the splendid suburban palace were filled with happy boys and girls, friends of the hostess's grandchildren and of much the same age.

A few days later, the baby belles and beaux of Mayfair were entertained by another stately and beautiful Society grandmother, Lady Cadogan, to wit, at Chelsea House. At this party, the Queen and her Majesty's niece, the Duchess of Sparta, were present. It is said that the first suggestion for a children's garden-party at Buckingham Palace came from Princess Victoria, who is devoted to little people.

The Silent Nursery.

Since she first ascended the throne the young Queen of Holland has never had reason to doubt for a moment that she is one of the most popular of European royalties. In the delicate and tender sympathy which has been almost universally shown during the last few days in the disappointment of her hopes, she has had ample evidence that the affection of European peoples for her is an abiding affection. She is our little Queen of Peace. It is to her pretty, unpretentious home in the woods at the Hague that the nations repair when they discuss how best to fashion ploughshares from swords, and pruning-hooks

from spears. Practically all peoples, nations and languages were represented in that famous Conference in the Orange Room at the Huis Ten Bosche, and as many will be there next year, to seek, in the peaceful atmosphere of her summer home, the key to the millennium. Hence she is a world figure in more than the sense that she is ruling Sovereign of Holland, and as such the object of world-wide solicitude.

Monarchs Without Sons.

The throne of Holland is not alone in lacking a direct heir. Until recently those of Russia and Italy were at a similar disadvantage. So was that of Serbia, or the tragedy of Alexander and Draga had never happened. The mysterious and appalling end of Prince Rudolf robbed Austria of her heir, and the throne is now destined to be occupied by the Emperor's nephew, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand whosemorganatic marriage to the Countess Sophia Choteknow, now Princess of Hohenberg, has cut off the rights of his children to succeed him. King Leopold has for heir his younger brother, a man bordering on seventy. The King of Roumania must leave his crown of iron, the iron of the Turkish guns at Plevna, to Prince Ferdinand, while Abdul Hamid, who took his ensanguined sceptre from the hands of one brother, will, all things being normal, pass it on to another brother. Failing an heir to the Netherlandish throne, its next occupant, if he survived the Queen Wilhelmina, would be the wealthy young widowed Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, himself childless.

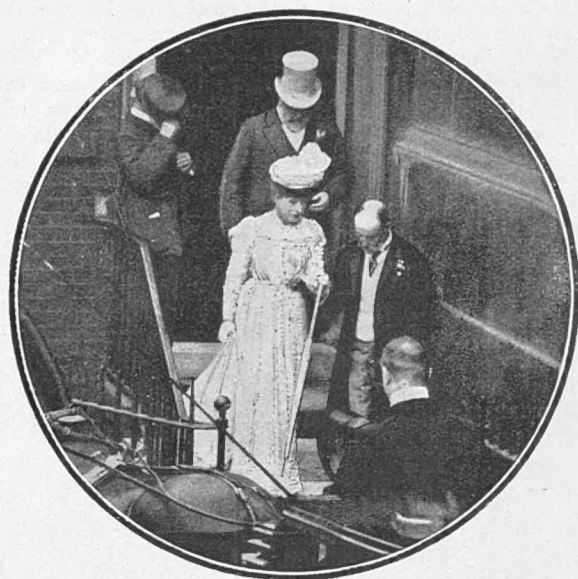
An Acrostic Wedding Gift.

Although the Queen has attended semi-State functions with the King since the death of her father, she has not been seen at many private gatherings. Her appearance, therefore, at the marriage of Lady Mary Acheson to Mr. Robert Ward the other day was doubly grateful to all who attended. She has such infinite tact and charm that upon such an occasion her Majesty's presence lends enchantment, as it were, to the scene. She has the prettiest taste, too, in gifts. That was very effective which she included among her presents to the King. It was a ring composed of the following gems—

Beryl,
Emerald,
Ruby,
Turquoise,
Iris,
Emerald.

The initial letters of the gems form the name by which his Majesty is known in the Royal Family circle.

An Innovation in China. Since the expedition to Lhasa, the influence of England has been all-powerful in Tibet, and this has been by no means lessened by the circulation in the country of Indian coins bearing the head of King Edward. To counteract this influence, the Governor of Sze-Chouan, which is the nearest Chinese province to Tibet, has struck and put into circulation some new Chinese money. These coins are exactly like the Indian rupee, with the exception that the head of King Edward is replaced by the head of the Emperor of China. This is a wonderful innovation, for it is the first time in the whole of the history of China that coins have been struck bearing the head of the Emperor.



THE KING AS "UNINVITED GUEST": HIS MAJESTY LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, AFTER THE WEDDING OF LADY MARY ACHESON AND THE HON. ROBERT WARD.

The wedding ceremony was attended by the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta. As the King escorted Lady Gosford, mother of the bride, to the pew, he was heard to remark that he was the "uninvited guest."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE LAST OF HER HOUSE: H.M. THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

It was announced last week that the young Queen's hopes of an heir were once again disappointed. Queen Wilhelmina, who was born on Aug. 31, 1880, married Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin on Feb. 7, 1901.

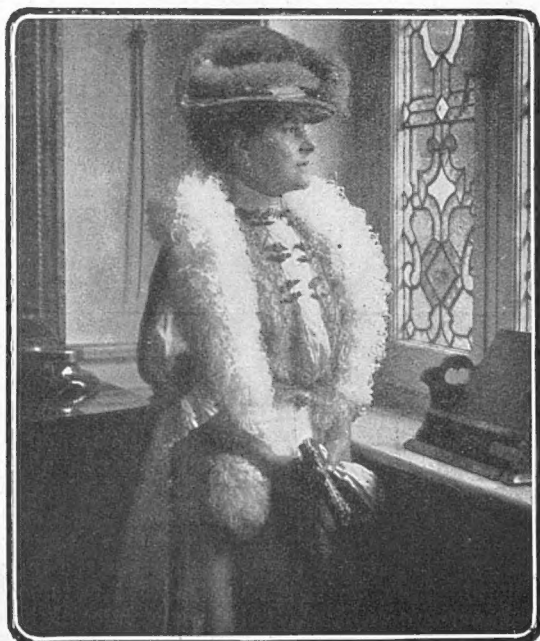
The King's New £136,000 Yacht.

His Majesty's new yacht, the *Alexandra*—so called, of course, in honour of the Queen—is giving Glasgow men much work; but the price of it—£136,000—will repay them and do much to compensate for the labour necessary to complete so important a vessel between the April of one year and the August of the next. The construction of the new craft is such that she will be familiar with shallow waters, to which the *Victoria and Albert* is perforce a stranger. She will displace 2050 tons, be 275 feet long, have a 40-foot beam, and a draught of 12½ feet. Her speed is expected to be 18½ knots.

Servia Re-recognised.

In ordinary circumstances the arrival of a new Ambassador in London would not create any considerable excitement in the diplomatic world. It was different in the old days, when an Ambassador with his retinue was made the charge of the Mayor and Sheriffs for them to provide the best of accommodation in the best of capitals, or incur the serious displeasure of the Sovereign. All that is altered now, but, nevertheless, the arrival of M. Wilitchevitch and his reception by the King constitute an incident of great significance in the history of latter-day diplomacy. For, until this new representative arrived, diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Servia, instantly terminated by the tragic end of the late King and Queen of the last-named country, had not been resumed. When diplomatic relations are at an end between two countries, that, as a rule, is the immediate prelude to war. In this case, however, it marked the British sense of the utter abhorrence in which the assassination of the Servian King and Queen was held. Now the regicides have been dismissed, and M. Wilitchevitch is the Ambassador whom the Court has at last consented to receive. His position will be one of difficulty and delicacy; but, as bygones are to be bygones, hosts and hostesses will have to do their share in the consummation of that agreement.

Mrs. "Author!" The curtain falls, the house rises and cries with one voice, "Author!" A new Pinero play has been successfully launched. Now Mr. Pinero for too long played his part in other men's works upon the stage any longer to experience stage-fright in the ordinary sense of the term, but in all probability he will not be in the theatre to respond to that friendly command. If, however, you could peep behind the drawn curtains of the stage-box, you would find him well represented by—Mrs. Pinero. She is always present at his first nights, a prey to intense nervousness, but bravely awaiting the verdict upon the play whose every letter she may have seen written. When she and Mr. Pinero first met she was a charming young widow—Mrs. Hamilton—playing as Miss Myra Holme under the ægis of Toole. She was sustaining a rôle in Mr. Pinero's own play, "Girls and Boys." He admired her acting, he admired her personally, fell desperately in love with her, and they married. She had a son by her first marriage who is now grown up, and rapidly making a name for himself as traveller and war correspondent. And very proud of his stepson is Mr. Pinero—almost as proud and fond as is his handsome and charming better-half



MRS. "AUTHOR!" MRS. ARTHUR W. PINERO.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.



SERVIA RE-RECOGNISED AT LAST: M. MICHEL
WILITCHEVITCH, SERBIAN MINISTER, RECENTLY
RECEIVED BY THE KING.

A Naval Man for Lloyd's.

To a soldier, a sailor succeeds. The junior Service need not be jealous, however. We refer not to Mr. Haldane's "special reductions," but to the fact that the powers at Lloyd's, whose business it is to keep the eyes of the shipping world open and unblinking, have chosen a naval man to fill the secretaryship

recently rendered vacant by the retirement of Sir H. M. Hozier. The naval man in question is Captain Edward Fitzmaurice Inglefield, a son of the late Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield and an ex-Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty. Captain Inglefield, who is in command of H.M.S. *Antrim*, of the First Cruiser Squadron, is forty-five, and began his career in the Navy

two-and-thirty years ago. He has seen active service twice—in 1884, when he took part in the Nile Expedition that was not destined to relieve Gordon; and in 1886, when he had charge of a torpedo-boat during the international blockade of the coast of Greece. That he will prove the wisdom of his appointment here is little doubt, but he will be hard put to it to eclipse the record of General Hozier.



THE CHINESE JOAN OF ARC: MISS KANG TUNG BAC.

The Chinese Joan of Arc.

The Chinese Joan of Arc, so called from the fact that she has organised in New York a patriotic club known as the Chinese Women's Reform Association, is called by at least two other names—Miss Kang Tung Bac and the more prosaic "Miss Susan B. Anthony." The object of the club is "to branch out, learn English, send the children to school, to read the papers and keep in touch with what is going on in not only their own country, but in America." It also desires that the Chinese woman shall discard the dress of the East for that of the West, but that does not prevent certain of the members attending meetings in gorgeously embroidered silks, with jade and gold ornaments. Miss Bac went to America last year alone, and immediately set to work "reforming." Her father, Kang Tung Wei, is prominently associated with the reform movement in China so it may be taken, is indeed abundantly obvious, that her desire to better "Celestial" humanity is inherited.

Sir Theodore Martin.

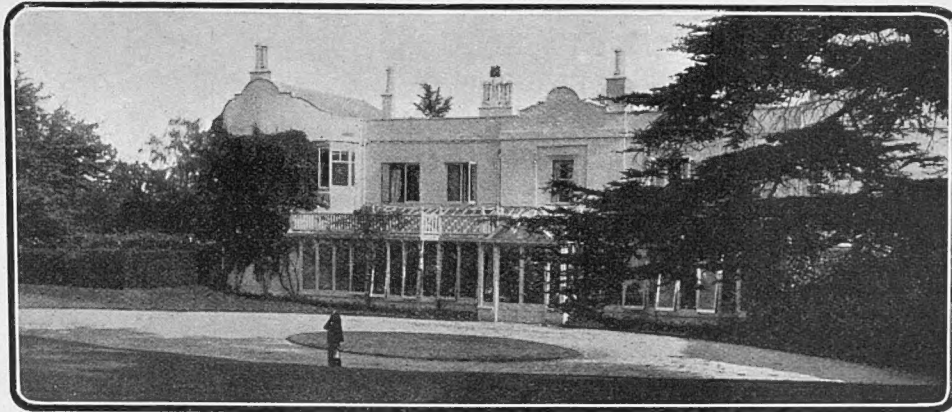
To "the man in the street" the name of Sir Theodore Martin can but recall distant echoes of mid-Victorian literature, for the doughty motor-philosopher whose letters to the *Times* have led to such an agitation against motor-buses is best known as author of the "Life of the Prince Consort." But the energetic upholder of the London householder's rights has many more claims to fame. He will always live in Scottish letters as the writer of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," and as one of the group of brilliant Edinburgh men who helped to build up "Maga." Sir Theodore is now ninety years of age, but his intellect is as keen as ever. He is a playgoer, a fine critic of contemporary verse and fiction, and he remains on terms of close intimacy and affection with all the late Sovereign's children.

Goethe's Last Words—a New Version.

Nothing is sacred nowadays, and all the historical phrases which used to delight us are being proved untrue. There is much doubt whether Wellington ever shouted, "Up, Guards, and at them!" at Waterloo and the word said to have been used by Cambronne at the same battle is now known to have been used by another. One of the most beautiful stories of this kind is that which attributes to Goethe the last words, "Light, more light." A letter has just been published in Germany which destroys this legend. It is dated March 23, 1832, and was written by Fräulein Seidler, who was an intimate friend of the family. In describing the poet's death-bed she states that the last words he uttered were "Give me your dear little paw," and that he was addressing his daughter-in-law. And so perishes another tradition.

The Success of the Session.

The chief success of the Parliamentary Session has been obtained by the Speaker. Mr. Lowther's authority is more complete than that of any of his modern predecessors. His impartiality is as freely admitted as his knowledge of the rules, and thus every section yields to his sway. His chief characteristics are coolness and humour. He prevents a scene by an amusing remark, and the House is as ready to laugh at his jokes as a junior counsel at the less finished humour of a Judge. Mr. Lowther is conspicuous also for his toleration. He is



WHERE MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ARE STAYING FOR THE EARLY PART OF THEIR HONEYMOON: CAMILLA LACEY, DORKING.

Camilla Lacey, so called from the fact that Madame d'Arblay wrote "Camilla" there, has been lent to Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain by Mr. and Mrs. Leverton Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will leave for Brittany later on.

Photograph by Half Tones, Limited.

neither courage nor words. It is admitted that this long-windedness lessens the interest of debate, and frequently lessens the audience. Labour members are among the offenders. No section is free from the fault. Great ability has undoubtedly been shown in debate, but a time-limit to speeches will have to be introduced if the rate of business is to be rapid enough to satisfy the reformers.

The Most Powerful "Foreign Devil" in China.

It is increasingly apparent that China intends to follow the lead of Japan in many ways. The retirement of Sir Robert Hart is nothing if not significant. For years it

has been the plan of our allies to appoint Europeans their teachers in the arts of peace and war, pay those Europeans exceedingly well while they were teaching, and discard them, often with an ample pension, when they themselves were in a position to teach their fellow-countrymen. So it is, evidently, to be with China. The Emperor's Government recently appointed a native board in connection with their Customs, a board with which Sir Robert Hart, as Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, must soon have come into collision. Sir Robert's record is one of which any man might be proud. His capacity for work is abnormal. He has watched the Customs grow from the most modest sum to some four millions a year; he is the most trusted as he is the most powerful "foreign devil" in the Flowery Land; he was responsible for the starting of the Chinese Imperial Post Office, and he did much very excellent work in connection with the lighting of the Chinese coast. No wonder that in two-and-fifty years he has only been home twice—in 1866 and in 1879. Queen Victoria made him Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China and to the King of Korea, but he preferred to remain true to the life's work he now relinquishes at the age of seventy-one.

The Prime Minister.

On the Treasury Bench the chief success has been secured by the Prime Minister himself. His authority over his party has been strengthened. He leads the House with a gentle hand and is unpretentious in speech. His pawky humour is welcomed even by his opponents, for nothing is so unpopular as dullness. Sir Henry Campbell-



A DELIGHTFUL CHILD STUDY.

From the photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke, 117, Ebury Street, S.W.

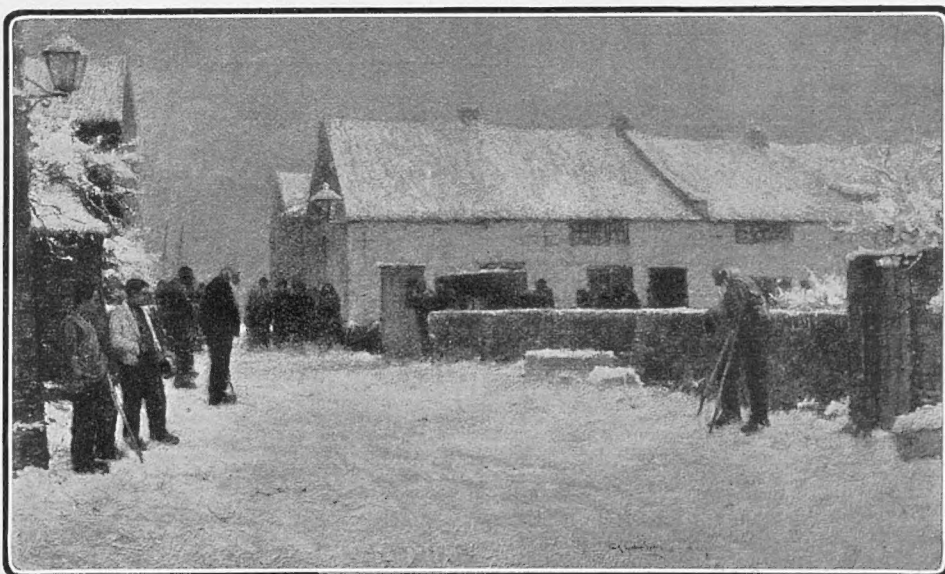
Bannerman does not cultivate ennui by sitting on his bench for a long spell every night. Usually he goes away early and leaves the command to the deputy-leader, Mr. Asquith, who shows no desire to make any more speeches than are absolutely necessary. The Prime Minister's health has stood the strain of office without the slightest injury. He looks quite as well at the end of the Session as he looked at the beginning.

The Curse of Parliament. Long speeches are the curse of Parliament. Oratory was never more diffuse than it has been this year. Almost every member complains of it, and yet most members when they catch the Speaker's eye, speak too long. A great many of them have been accustomed to address their fellow men, and lack



A DELIGHTFUL CHILD STUDY.

From the photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke, 117, Ebury Street, S.W.



AN ENGLISH ARTIST THrice HONOURED BY FRANCE: MR. FRANK SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE'S PICTURE "THE LAST VOYAGE—PILOT'S FUNERAL, SOUTHWOLD," PURCHASED FOR THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

"The Last Voyage" is the third picture by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove to be purchased by the French Government. The first was "Funeraillies dans les Pays Bas." The second "Trop Tard," both purchased for the Luxembourg.

Photograph by Dixon.



LADY HELEN GORDON-LENNOX.

Photograph by Langflier.

ence of a famous racecourse upon one's property, but as habitués of Goodwood will not need to be reminded, the course itself lies without the glorious and marvellously wooded park. It is situated on a horseshoe of the Sussex Downs. Many improvements have been effected in the house since the present Duke succeeded to the title; the most notable from the point of view of comfort and beauty being the substitution of electric lighting for the antiquated system dear to the conservative instincts of the old Duke. The picture gallery boasts some very fine works. There is a Vandyck, for which the third Duke paid eleven hundred sovereigns, which to-day would sell for its weight in gold. The first Duke of Richmond was a son of Charles II., and the relics of royalty, European as well as English, at Goodwood House, preserve quite a regal atmosphere.

The Solicitous State.

Twice married, the Duke of Richmond has been a widower for nearly a score of years. His life is cheered, however, by a numerous family—three sons and four daughters and a host of charming young grandchildren. His eldest son and heir, Lord March, is married to the eldest sister of Mr. Leonard Brassey, who is himself the Duke's son-in-law by his marriage to Lady Violet Mary Gordon-Lennox. Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox, like his elder brother, served in the South African War, where he had in the same field the Duke's youngest son, Lord Bernard Charles Gordon-Lennox. The eldest daughter of the Duke is the wife of Sir J. R. G. Cotterell, Bt. Lady Muriel is the wife of Mr. William Malbisse Beckwith, whom she married when twenty years of age. The youngest daughter, Lady Helen Magdalen Gordon-Lennox, who is nineteen, is the only unmarried daughter. Among the possessions of the Duke of Richmond is a sixth part of the whole of Scotland, and desirable properties in England. His family was well looked after of old time. Charles II. conferred upon the first Duke and his heirs for ever a duty of a shilling a ton on all coals exported from the Tyne for consumption in England. For a century this arrangement held good; then it was converted into a perpetual pension of £19,000 per year. This in time was redeemed for £633,333, that sum being invested in lands settled upon the Duke and his heirs.



THE KING'S GOODWOOD HOST, THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Photograph by Russell.

THE KING'S GOODWOOD HOST AND SOME MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

The King's Host.

In staying with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon for the Goodwood races this week the King is revisiting familiar scenes. He was there last year, and enjoyed several visits during the lifetime of the late Duke. There may seem something incompatible between privacy and the exist-

enamel representing the life of St. Agnes. It was commissioned by John, Duc de Berri for presentation to Charles V., but the King died before it was finished. The Duc offered it in 1391 to King Charles VI., and some years later it was bought by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, who on his death left it to his nephew, Henry VI. of England. It remained among the Crown Jewels till 1604, when James I. gave it to the Constable of Castille, Ambassador to the King of Spain, who presented it to the Convent of Medina del Pomar. In 1883 it turned up in Paris, but the museum authorities would not buy it, as the price asked was so low, and it was in such perfect preservation that they thought it was a forgery. Baron Pichon bought it for its weight in gold, and some time afterwards sold it for £8000 to an English firm, from whom it passed to the British Museum.



LADY EVELYN COTTERELL AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Speaight.

The magnificent specimen of fourteenth-century French goldsmiths' work, known as King Charles the Fifth's Cup, which has just been acquired by the British Museum, is ornamented with transparent

Charles the Fifth's Cup.

allegations of corruption in connection with matters electoral at Worcester, is about as well equipped for a general practice as any man at the Bar. He has a practical knowledge of sport from his experience as oarsman, shot, and huntsman; and the seamy side he learned from defending persons implicated in great Turf frauds some years ago. He has been for the defence in more capital charges than any other man living, while as prosecuting counsel to the Treasury he had the conduct from the other side of all the big cases which occurred up to the time of his taking silk. Should he ever take his seat upon the Bench, he may plead the infection of example if judicial innocence be the line to attract him. For, though his name has this many a day been practically a household word, someone asked him not long ago at dinner, "And are you really at the Bar, Mr. Ivory?"



LADY MURIEL BECKWITH.

Photograph by Langflier.

Two Interesting Engagements.

The engagement of Lord Gerard to his first-cousin, Miss Mary Gosselin, removes a great *parti* from the ranks of unattached bachelors. Lord Gerard, who is two-and-twenty, is one of the wealthiest of Roman Catholic Peers, and owing to the King's friendship with his late father, he has always been *persona grata* at Court, as is also his only sister, the Baroness de Forest. The other betrothal of the hour is that of Mr. George Peel, Lord Peel's clever second son, to Lady Agnes Lygon, Lord Beauchamp's half-sister. Mr. Peel is what old-fashioned people call "a man of parts": he writes well, and, like his distinguished father, the ex-Speaker, is not afraid of holding original views on all sorts of social and political subjects.

Mr. Horace Ivory, *All-Round Man*, who is to be one of the Commissioners to inquire into the



ELDEST SON OF THE KING'S GOODWOOD HOST, THE EARL OF MARCH.

Photograph by Russell.

AN ITALIAN GARDEN AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

THE TERRACE OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY TRANSFORMED.



On the occasion of the dinner-party given recently at the German Embassy, Carlton House Terrace, by Count Paul Wolff Metternich, the Embassy terrace overlooking St. James's Park, was turned into a temporary Italian Garden. As will be noticed in the photograph at the bottom of our page on the left, painted landscapes were to be seen, as well as the background provided by nature. Among the distinguished guests who had been invited to meet the Duke and Duchess of Sparta and the Prince and Princess of Wales were Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, by permission of Messrs. Green and Abbott, who designed and made the Garden.

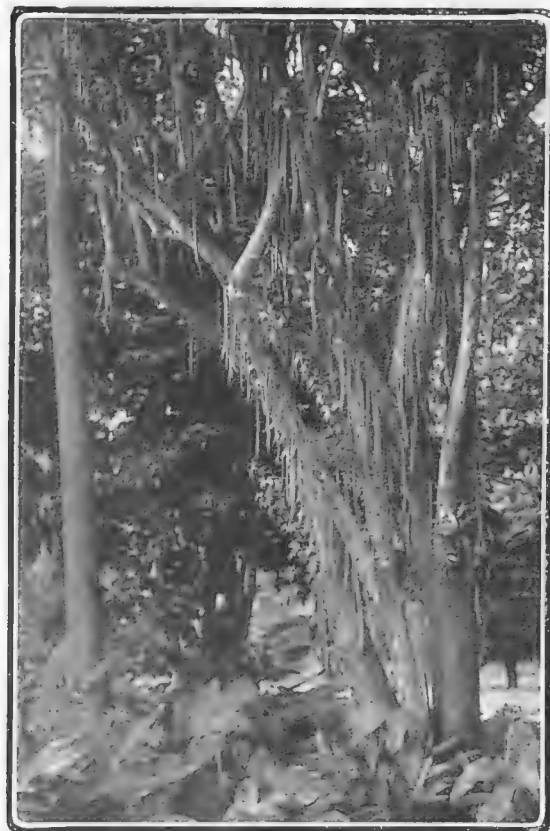


By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Royal Family

The Royal Society has numerous offspring, the Linnæan, the Antiquaries, the Geological and Astronomical Societies being of the family. To-day the British Association, lustiest of all these bantlings, celebrates its seventy-

fifth anniversary at York, where it was cradled, and where it celebrated its jubilee, and held its fifteenth birthday as well. The British Association has never met in London, though it has visited in turn all the big cities of the Kingdom, and travelled overseas for the dissemination of science in our Colonies. It owed its inception mainly to Sir David Brewster, whom successive generations of youngsters reverence as the inventor of the kaleidoscope, the discovery which brought him not a penny. Seventy-five years have come and gone since the British Association was founded; Brewster, its father, has lain eight-and-thirty years in his grave. But his widow lives; the

**"EDIBLE CANDLES" ON A TREE.**

Our illustration shows the famous Central American "candle-tree" (*Parmentiera Cerifera*), which bears large white flowers at the nodes, followed by yellow-edible fruit, very similar in appearance to wax candles.

lady who became his second wife, to add such happiness to the last eleven years of his life, spends the evening of her days away up in Roxburgh.

Scientific Sensations.

None of the savants attending the present meetings can have up his sleeve any surprise quite as startling as the megatherium which Dean Buckland produced—not from that receptacle, at the Oxford meeting, where the Association really found its feet. This was the first time that a skeleton of the monster had been publicly shown, and it deserved the respect with which it was treated. The bulk of the derelict was so vast that to dig it out of the Salado, in Buenos Ayres, where they found it, Sir Woodbine Parish had to turn aside the current by means of a great dam. Neither will this year's meeting equal the sensation produced by that cable which came home from Australia and was re-despatched to the meeting in Canada conveying the thrilling words: "The duck-billed Platypus is oviparous!" Does the Red Lion Club survive? The Red Lions were the greatest savants in Europe, and met for conviviality after the day's sessions. They were schoolboys for the hour, and instead of applauding that which they approved, wagged one coat-tail each. Hence, when the Prince of Canino, Napoleon's nephew, got up to acknowledge the toast of his health, he did so in three leonine roars and as many wags of his coat-tail.

Forced Ardour in Russia.

So much in Russia now depends upon the army that the pity is a thousand times a greater pity that the rank and file cannot read. Seven-tenths of them are illiterates; all their "written orders" are in the form of pictorial directions. If the propaganda of the down-trodden, with whom the soldiery are invited to co-operate, is to be successful it will have to be verbally conveyed. There can be no doubt as to which way the sympathy of the army inclines. The spirit of disaffection now becoming increasingly manifest is not of new birth. Lord Brooke found it rampant in the Manchurian Army. But it relates to an earlier date than this. William Shedden Ralston, the Russian scholar and folklorist, when travelling in the dominions of the Tsar, came across a body of miserable peasants, handcuffed, and driven like cattle by the attendant guards. "Where are you taking your prisoners?" asked the Englishman. "Prisoners!" said the officer; "they are not prisoners—they are Volunteers hastening to the front!"

The Dubious Compliment.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen may count upon a very cordial welcome to Belfast, where they open the city's new hall to-morrow. They enjoy great popularity in Ireland. It is popularity of a different order from that which the late Duke of Abercorn gained. Two of the lesser lights of the permanent staff were heard discussing the merits of the Viceroys of their day. "Ah, sure," said one, finishing the argument, "I'm for Abercorn, anyway. Now, Carlisle, you see, would receive you in the most cordial way, and talk and be delighted to see you; ask you how you were, and all that. But give me Abercorn. Sure, there he stood, without a word, lookin' down with the utmost contempt on you, just as if you were the very dirt of his shoes!" Lord Aberdeen must abandon hope of favour won by such means. It is more than likely that he will hear testimony to his amiability expressed in some such characteristic fashion as that in which the present Roman Catholic Archbishop was greeted. "Wisha!" said an aged dame, hobbling up to him, with pride and affection beaming in her eyes. "Wisha, now that I've seen your Lordship, ye may die, and the Lord be praised!" She meant the prettiest thing in the world.

Goodwood's Tragedy.

Goodwood Racecourse, where racing is toward this week, owes its origin to a man who did not live to enjoy the sport it provided. The third Duke of Richmond gave the course, though Lord George Bentinck developed it. The owner, master of noble homes and many titles, was born in a barn and died in a barn. His mother was taken ill when on a fishing party. There was only time to carry her to the nearest farm building, and there among the hay and straw the future Governor-General of Canada first saw the light. A sportsman of the old school, he did not believe all the new-fangled talk as to a dog's bite causing hydrophobia. He had been bitten a hundred times, he used to say, and had a thousand times seen others bitten, but neither he nor the others had been the worse for it. He was a sceptic on the subject when he left England; he was a sceptic still when, upon his arrival in Canada, he interfered to stop a fight between a dog and a fox, and received a bite from one of the combatants.

Nemesis.

Next morning he was feverish and ill, and refused his wine. The following day his symptoms were aggravated, and he turned with loathing from water, so much so that he could not even endure a wet towel upon his hands and face. It was determined to carry him swiftly to headquarters, but when the canoe upon which he embarked put out upon the river he was seized with violent spasms, and begged the oarsmen to return to shore. He landed, and ran like a hunted creature fast and far from the river's brim into the woods which bordered it. His orderlies followed on horseback, but not until he had sunk down exhausted did they overtake him. They bore him to a farm, but he could not rest, imploring them to carry him still farther from the water. This was done, and they laid him down in a barn still more remote from the river, and there he expired from the malady whose existence he had so stubbornly denied.

**THE CHIEF FOOD IN "THE DYSPETICS' EL DORADO": THE PAPAW FRUIT.**

A Dr. Nicholson, of New York, has established an "Institute for Indigestion," which is known as "The Dyspeptics' El Dorado." According to the Trans-atlantic Press, patients are fed on a preparation of papain, a nitrogenous body isolated from the juice of the papaw fruit.

OUR PARTICULARLY WONDERFUL WORLD!—RUSSIA.



PREPARING FOR A POSSIBLE REVOLUTION? WOMEN "MARKSMEN" PRACTISING.

For some time past the women of St. Petersburg have practised rifle-shooting regularly. Our photograph, taken at a fair held recently, shows a shooting-booth patronised by the working classes, but aristocratic dames are by no means behind their poorer sisters in their desire to become "marksmen."



WILL THEIR NUMBER SOON BE ADDED TO? RUSSIA'S TITLED TRAMPS.

Baron Oranoff (on the left) and Baron Ostrelski (on the right) lost what money they had through their own extravagance, and are now begging bread. Should there be a revolution in Russia, it is more than possible that they will find companions as well born as themselves.



THE BABY HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ALL THE RUSSIAS AS A SOLDIER; THE STANDARD PRESENTED BY THE TSAREVITCH TO HIS REGIMENT.



"THE TSARITSA'S NIGHTINGALES": THE PEASANT CHOIR FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



A RUSSIAN GIPSY WOMAN WHO WAS EXCHANGED FOR A BEAR BY HER HUSBAND, "VASSILI THE BEARMAN."



THE "BARGE OF SIN," BELONGING TO THE GRAND DUKE BORIS OF RUSSIA.

Our photograph shows a barge belonging to the Grand Duke Boris, who, it is said, holds extraordinary orgies on the vessel. Although from the outside the craft looks like an ordinary barge, it is magnificently fitted.



A FIREMAN IN FURS.

The municipal government of St. Petersburg recently provided its firemen with fur coats costing 80 roubles (about £12) apiece, much to the indignation of many economical souls. Our photograph shows a fireman in his coat.



A BOAT-DWELLING FAMILY; THE SOBINOFFS ON THE LAKE OF BALLYMERY, KAZAN.

Six or seven years ago M. Sobinoff, a wealthy banker, failed, and disappeared in company with his wife and daughters. The family have since been found living in an open rowing-boat on Lake Ballymery.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE NEW GARRICK PROGRAMME—M. ANTOINE AND HIS COMPANY.

SEVEN new pieces in three days sounds formidable, but four were only little ones. One was very long—"Down Our Alley"—at least, it seemed very long. When a work which only plays from 9.10 to 11.10 appears to be almost interminable, one guesses that its main fault is irrelevance. In the case of the plays presented at the Royalty on Monday, one felt that there were no needless words, that the authors would have gone to the stake rather than submit to any cutting: almost every phrase in them helps. On the other hand, one is confident that a large portion of Mr. Bourchier's adaptation of "Crainquebille" has been written in order to make the work last long enough for the scheme of the programme. Indeed, the quantity of "make time" exceeds that of the drama itself. For instance, the first two episodes of the second act, scenes of trivial, extravagant comicality, could be removed without there being the need to make any other changes in consequence; and what I have said of them is true of other episodes and several characters. I anticipate the defence—the work is called "Down Our Alley," not "Crainquebille" or "Joe Parrot": the costermonger is merely central figure of a set of scenes illustrating life in a mean street and the police court—alas! the most important institution connected with the mean street. This would be an excellent defence if the set of scenes presented a conscientious picture of the matters in question which, unfortunately, is very far from being the case. There are passages in the police court that almost reach the extravagance of "Trial by Jury," the magistrate and policemen are presented in an unreasonably odious light, and the picture of police-court procedure is conclusive evidence to character in favour of Mr. Bourchier, for his studies are by no means "after nature." One might also add that his pictures of the mean street life would not have been creditable to the powers of observation of a foreign tourist.

Clearly the defence fails, and one is left deploring the fact that an admirable study of humble character is almost buried in a mass of "incidentals." The acting of Joe Parrot by Mr. Bourchier is quite remarkable. Joe, the blameless, laborious old coster, gets "run in" on a false charge by a malevolent policeman, and sentenced to imprisonment by a careless, comic magistrate who resembles none of the London stipendiaries, since they, though some of them seem foolishly facetious, are conscientious. Most of his old customers and pals of the streets shrink from him when he comes out of prison—this point is taken from the original, and the improbability of it is generally deemed a blot on the brilliant little story of M. Anatole France. One befriends him—a newspaper-boy, deeply grateful because Joe once gave him a rotten pear when he was hungry: so Joe and his friend, who happens to have money with which to buy stock-in-trade, become partners, and all ends happily: in this conclusion the play wanders far away from the story. The study of Joe is quite fine, and Mr. Bourchier's picture of him in the police court, dazed and desperately struggling to explain his case to the magistrate, is masterly in its exhibition of the old man's mind. It has the pathos of a dog's vain efforts to explain what he wants to people anxious to understand the explanation and to gratify the want. It cannot be said that the other acting was remarkable, but it would be unfair, I think, to blame the performers: one, at least, of them, Mr. Frank Lacy represented a Cheap Jack quite cleverly.

The play was preceded by a revival of "Monsieur de Paris," by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, in which Miss Violet Vanbrugh played the chief part—the executioner's daughter, who kills her sweetheart. She showed no loss of the intensity and power which have rendered the performance popular, nor has she made much advance in technique since the first night of the play at the Royalty. An excellent piece of acting was given by Mr. Charles V. France as the executioner.

At the New Royalty we were shown severer work than at the Garrick. Even in the funny farce and the somewhat Boccaccian story a stern desire to be pertinent was noticeable; whilst in "L'Enquete" an enormous amount of necessary detail was packed ingeniously into a small compass. One may doubt the propriety of using epileptic mania as basis of the story of the magistrate who investigates a murder committed by himself in a moment of aberration so complete that he is not aware that he ever touched the victim and believes in the guilt of a man whom he interrogates cruelly. Such a doubt does not prevent one from being thrilled, even fascinated, by the rather Poesque play, and it was acted superbly by M. Antoine, who in the most severely restrained style presented the magistrate with remarkable force and also nicety of character; one may honestly speak of his acting as great. In a smaller part in "Bou-bouroche" he showed some quiet humour, while M. Degeorge, as a fat, amiable simpleton, shamelessly duped by an impudent mistress, played with rich comicality and also a fine touch of pathos. M. Signoret distinguished himself in "Une Vieille Renommée," a funny farce of an attempted fraud by a restaurant keeper, whom he presented with a vivid sense of character. Indeed, the two farcical plays were elevated almost to comedy by the quality of the acting and the determination of the authors to be true to the standard of probability chosen by them. Two

ladies of the company rendered valuable aid, Mlle. Jeanne Lion by two skilful studies of character, and Mlle. Grumbach by strong work in "L'Enquete." The acting of the "Theatre Antoine" company is of such rare quality that we hope to see them again, even if, alas! it must be without M. Antoine, who ceases to be an actor in order to direct the Odéon Theatre.

The excellence is more general than individual so far as one can see, and the performances might teach our managers a lesson. The Antoine visit shows the vital importance of stage management. In the plays presented the characters were prominent not in relation to the status of the players, but to the value of the parts; the whole was greater than the parts. An actor of genius would almost be wasted in such a company, but actors of genius are rare, fortunately for drama; at least, their rarity would be fortunate if playwrights recognised it, and ceased to write on the basis that their dramas are entitled to extraordinary performance and will get it. Stage-managers of genius also are rare, alas! and the value of their work is not fully recognised: when it is, and when supreme control is given to them, we shall hear fewer complaints about the lack of good English players. Actors or actresses fit to play without strong guidance and severe control are certainly rare, here and elsewhere.



JACINTA AND JOE PARROT AT HOME: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, WHO IS PLAYING JOE PARROT IN "DOWN OUR ALLEY," AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH), WHO IS PLAYING JACINTA IN "MONSIEUR DE PARIS," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

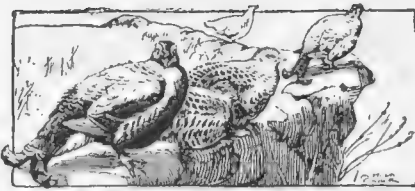
A BACK-HANDED COMPLIMENT.



BUDDING POET: Have you read my "Descent into Hades"?

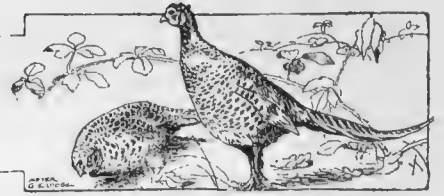
WORLDLY PERSON: No, but I should like to see it very much.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Approach of the Season.*

The shooting-days are upon us, and the pleasant time of the grouse is nearly at an end. I cannot help thinking sometimes that the men who go up to Scotland in August and come down in September or October and divide their time between the salmon, the grouse, and the stag, do not see quite the best of the game. Sport is waiting for them; the troubles of preparation belong to the earlier year and to men who are hardly seen in late summer and early autumn. How many of the sportsmen who travel North of Tweed in August year after year know anything of the alewife in the days when hungry trout pursue it, or of the great stag in the time when



"THE SKETCH'S" OWN WEATHER PROPHET: IF COWS RECLINE CONTENTEDLY ON THE GRASS IN THE EARLY MORNING FINE WEATHER MAY BE EXPECTED.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

he has shed his horns, or of the grouse when he is a tiny yellow ball with just a few dark-brown pencillings on back and sides and a little patch of chestnut-colour on his head? The bleak, late Highland spring and the beautiful days of June, which seem to be nearly twenty-four hours long and to substitute twilight for night, are equally unknown to the rank and file of sportsmen. For myself, I confess that I like the North Country's aspect at nearly every time of the year. After the first few weeks one gets accustomed to the rain, and then nothing is left to grumble at. In bad weather and good weather—and, as I told a surprised Southerner the other day, I have known six fine days in succession in Scotland—the country is certain of its appeal and the wild life is always worth attention. Even in the seasons when the Law preserves birds and one's natural kindness leaves the ground game unharmed, it is possible to enjoy the study of wild life through weeks of soft days.

Young Grouse.

The grouse is a very bright little fellow, from the day when he is being fed on fresh heather tops and the heather itself must be like a forest round him, to the hour when he comes whirling down over the butts travelling high and fast and falls to the artful gunner who has drawn well ahead and calculated his flight to a nicety. He has no very easy time in his early days, for the peregrine falcon and the carrion crow, the black gull and even the



BETTER THAN THE DISAPPEARING MAN AND WOMAN: IF COWS BEHAVE SO IN THE EARLY MORNING GET YOUR UMBRELLA READY.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

stately golden eagle will be passing over the moor, and their sight is almost as keen as their appetite. The ptarmigan can hide among his rocks, he can crouch low and take the colour of his surroundings either in his summer or his winter dress. The young black game hide in the woods through the weeks of their extreme helplessness, but the one grouse of the family who has to fend for himself is the red grouse

of the moors, and experience has made him the most cunning of all his tribe. Even in the days when the mother leads the young covey from the moors to the edge of the grass land they are very wide awake, quite ready to crouch or run or fly as occasion may direct, but they soon become accustomed to people who cross the moor regularly, and shepherds have told me very often that they are able to go about their work without alarming the birds at all. They are hardly regarded as intruders. Of course, as soon as the shooting begins there is a complete change and the birds become very sensitive and nervous.

"Who Goes There?—My Sword."

It is difficult not to believe that the birds have their special friends in the country side, and many a stalker holds that the grouse and red deer are leagued together to frustrate the sportsman's intentions. When there are grouse in plenty it is very hard to surprise red deer, for as soon as Father grouse sees the stalker he challenges with all his might. Highlanders will tell you that his call is pure Gaelic, and that it means, "Who goes there?—my sword." Though he is intolerant of man in the late summer, autumn that sees the formation of the first grouse pack sees also the establishment of the corn stook, and when once the stooks are set up the birds are never far away. The attraction of corn is irresistible, and grouse have learned by experience that the very early morning hours are the safest. They cluster round the corn like black-birds round an unprotected cherry-tree, and have eaten their fill before the earliest farm servant has come their way. In very severe winters the grouse may be seen within a hundred yards of the farm-stedding, though, of course, they are then as wild as kites and very hard to reach. Perhaps then they are at their best in point of appearance and flavour, for the winter moult of the cock bird leaves him in a very attractive condition, particularly if he be from a northern moor and his lower feathers are tipped with white.

The Season of the Grouse.

There are few more interesting birds than the grouse, and I have taken special interest in him at all seasons and under all conditions, from the time when he has been lying unseen in a creamy red-blotched shell down to the hour when a cunning cook has sent him to table in a really tempting state. Then he has revealed the delicate flavour that is so very pleasant, and free from the strong taint that his great, big cousin, the capercaillie, shows after his pine-forest diet has given him that most objectionable savour of turpentine. There is a little sentimental interest about the red grouse at his best, because, for sporting purposes he is always associated with the north at its prime. When the little brown bird comes along the corn is cleared, some of the stubble-fields have been already under the plough, and with the wind comes a suspicious and regrettable fall of leaves. Blackberries are ripening, harvest is over, summer has waned. But when we come first to the domain of the red grouse the corn is only just beginning to turn yellow, the summer fruits that have passed from the South of England are beginning to ripen, the heather is beginning to flower, we seem to have gone back a month or two—to have re-discovered June. There is a pleasant feeling that London has not claimed all the summer, that the long-sought holiday is going to be associated with fine days. This last hope, of course, is almost invariably disappointed. Caledonia stern and wild has no special use for fine weather, and in the western Highlands the "rain it raineth every day"; but we are likely to forget these things, and should we chance to have a few fine days in the beginning of August the process of forgetting becomes a very easy one. In spite of this brave superiority to the vagaries of weather, I wonder how the price of shootings would be affected if every landlord delivered to every possible tenant a correct record of the district's average rainfall for August, September, and October.



A SIGN OF MIXED WEATHER: COWS GROUPED LIKE THIS IN THE EARLY MORNING MEAN A SHOWERY DAY.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF "THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.")



III.—NETTING WILD RABBITS ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

WOULD YOU HAVE KNOWN THEM?

THE DISGUISE OF MAKE-UP.



MR. MAURICE FARKOA AS YEN IN "SEE-SEE."



MISS DENISE ORME AS SEE-SEE IN "SEE-SEE."



MR. FRED EMNEY AS HOANG IN "SEE-SEE."



MR. W. H. BERRY AS CHEOO IN "SEE-SEE."

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

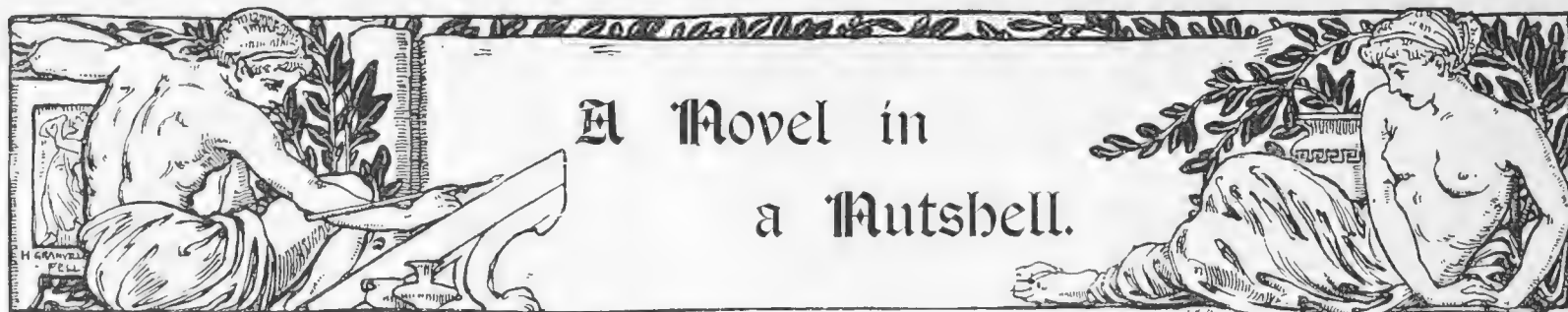
**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

A QUESTION OF FIGURE.



TOMMY THE THIN: Don't you think this is the most comfortable way to read, Uncle?
UNCLE THE CORPULENT: Yes. I used to think so, Tommy—up till '87.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE BORTHWICK THEORY.

BY E. C. DAWSON.

PROFESSOR JOHN BORTHWICK closed his front door at 9.14 a.m., one moment ahead of scheduled time. This enabled him to collect a scrap of paper from his lawn and inter it decently in a bed of variegated leaves fallen from the maples bordering the roadway. The sharp October breeze exhumed it almost before his back was turned, and his housekeeper, watching from an upper window, observed that men with a vast amount of brain showed an extraordinary want of common-sense.

Professor Borthwick—with the alphabet transposed after his name—walked to the end of the block and turned the corner that brought the buildings of the Canadian Geological Survey into view. For a generation past he had been one of the Department's shining lights; over and above all, he was the Borthwick Theory.

It was impossible, in scientific circles, to discuss the pre-glacial period in Polar regions without reference to the Borthwick Theory. It permeated the calculations of two decades of geologists as inevitably as the knowledge that certain fossils were characteristic of certain horizons. The world over the Theory was discussed and quoted, argued and dissented from. Of course, there was dissension—the very magnitude of the theme courted criticism from its bearing upon vast economic possibilities in the North-West provinces, as yet but partially explored. Not that Professor Borthwick concerned himself intimately with economic questions: his interests were centred in the course of events before Man was.

His critics, also the possessors of comet-like alphabetical tails, were the members of other Surveys; they disputed the Borthwick Theory in the Academic journals, and fenced Professor Borthwick at International Congresses.

Meanwhile the scientific world, approving and dissentient, waited complacently; men to whom a thousand years was as a day, geologically speaking, expected to wait; even the optimists scarcely supposed that Professor Borthwick would have the luck to personally establish his claim to posterity.

The Theory had its origin in a handful of obscure fossils collected by the Professor in early manhood, when field instructions had taken him, one of a band of pioneers, into unexplored regions bordering upon the Arctic.

Years passed, and each season found him pursuing his investigations with patient, unswerving energy: those untrodden lands became divisions, the divisions districts; wide-awake prospectors began to follow in the Geological Surveys' footsteps; Professor Borthwick continued to collect fossils in summer and determine them in winter, and slowly but surely his researches strengthened his convictions.

Borthwick on North-Western Geology attained importance in the eyes of his Department, his views passed, in process of time, to wider acceptance as Dr. Borthwick's theories, and finally attained impressive, singular, and international significance as the Borthwick Theory.

The Professor aged with the Theory; younger men went into the field, able—where he was now unable—to withstand the hardships entailed: he remained in his laboratory, and on the evidences of their researches continued to deduce and establish the Theory, link by link. Year by year he hoped for the conclusive results that would blazon it on Time's records as incontrovertible fact.

Thus, the autumn was a season of paramount importance to him, since it heralded the return of the field-staff and the possibility that the North-West had yielded the clues he needed.

A sharp gust of wind swirled his coat-tails; the Professor folded the garment closer without annoyance; a touch of frost in the air, and clear sunshine induced a physical sense of well-being that demanded analysis, together with the opposite deduction that it was possible to feel otherwise.

He paused on the steps of the Survey with a dawning sense of misgiving. Suppose that, in place of confirmatory evidence, the season's work served to weaken the foundations of the Theory,

or in any way suggested the possibility of his critics being right and he wrong. Even in the home Survey there were men who doubted—youths of thirty-five and forty who based their arguments on experience that, compared with Professor Borthwick's, was insignificant.

Some of them had theories of their own, and towards these he exercised the courtesy and tolerance becoming in a man who had forgotten more than they ever knew. For the Theory, so far as it went, was circumstantially proved—even as theory it was a laurel that had creditably adorned his lifetime and would undoubtedly be utilised on his bust.

A side-door into the building opened to exude a couple of empty crates, indication, therefore, that the fossils and mineral specimens collected in the past season were unpacked and awaiting identification.

The Professor's autumnal elation reasserted itself, his forebodings vanished; entering the Survey, he said good morning to the janitor in a tone that caused the official to note, thoughtfully, that he mounted the stairs to the next floor taking two at a time.

He remembered that same buoyancy in the Professor when the Patriarchal beard had been brown, and, coupled with baldness and comparative youth, sufficiently incongruous to suggest the possibility of hair-restorer applied absent-mindedly to the wrong place.

A spirit of bustle and rejuvenation pervaded the Survey: the field parties were assembling day by day from all quarters, and exchanging specimens and experiences.

In a corridor Professor Borthwick happened upon a man fresh from the centre—to him—of vital interest. They paused for an interchange of greetings. The Professor was popular with the younger generation following his footsteps in the North-West; its solitudes bore everlasting witness of him and of their esteem, even though the Theory should pass, in a Borthwick mountain, a Borthwick river, and lakes to match.

"A successful season, I hope, Tillman?" said the Professor punctiliously, but with an undernote of eagerness in his voice that was unmistakable.

"That's for you to decide, Professor," the younger man replied. "There's a crateful of specimens waiting for you, some of them new, I think. We followed up the west fork of the Borthwick and explored one of the unknown tributaries. A wonderful country, but the difficulties—"

"No doubt, no doubt," interrupted the Professor gently; transport problems were mere details, and he wanted facts. "Come to my room when you have a moment to spare," he pursued. "I should be glad to note down everything likely to be of service in my researches."

He proceeded down the corridor and reached the door labelled with his name.

His stenographer, Miss Dickson, was seated at her desk, studying the stock and share column of the morning paper.

"Good-morning," said the Professor, with the same jubilation he had evinced towards the janitor. "What a delightful day!"

"Good morning," said Miss Dickson, without looking up. She never encouraged the Professor to be enthusiastic at 9.30 a.m.: it involved working through the luncheon-hour without a break, which was bad for both of them.

"A delightful morning," pursued the Professor, unchilled. When not conversing academically, he tried to be conventional, and became commonplace. "I believe the market is going up," he added, after a pause and a flash of inspiration.

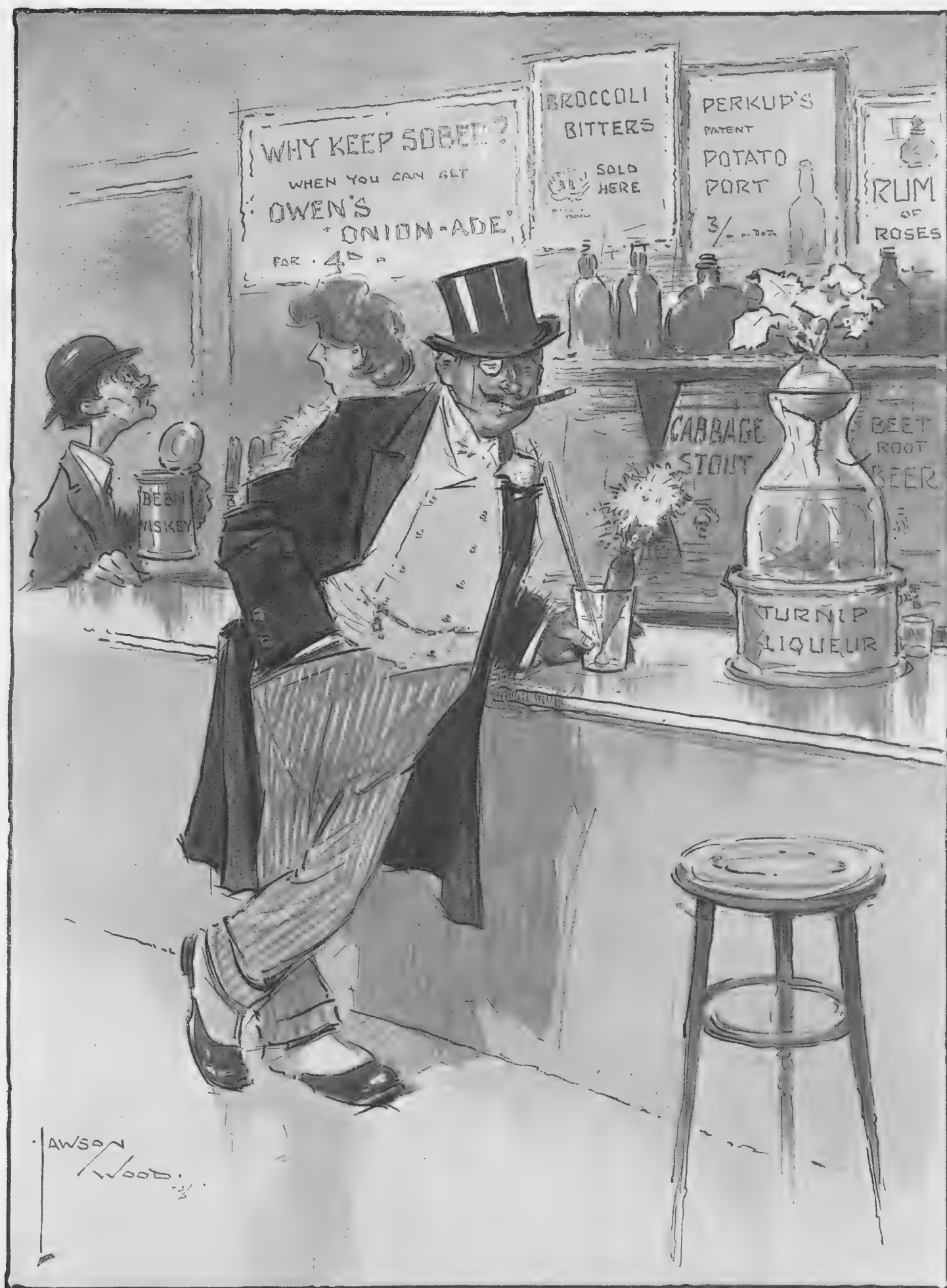
"Down," replied Miss Dickson, pursuing the damping process.

She dabbled mildly in shares, and the Professor heard of her ventures with the puzzled interest that a man with a banking account and no use for money would naturally evince towards a woman with gambling propensities—and a salary.

Next to the Theory, Miss Dickson was an indispensable adjunct to

[Continued overleaf.]

"CARROT AND SODA, OR TURNIP SQUASH, SIR?"



BEWARE OF INTOXICATION FROM TOO MANY VEGETABLE DRINKS.

Said a contemporary recently: "It will comfort the teetotallers and vegetarians to know, on the authority of Dr. Harry Campbell, that spirit drinkers have by no means, as they supposed, a monopoly of stimulants. 'Some vegetable foods are highly stimulating,' said Dr. Campbell, 'and a purely vegetable meal will make children hilarious and excited. Maize, beans, and oats have a stimulant effect on horses, and there can be no doubt vegetable-feeding animals select their food as well for its stimulating as for its nutritive properties.'" Our Artist suggests that as vegetables cause hilarity, vegetable drinks might well come into vogue during the hot weather.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

the Professor's welfare. Every New Year's eve a cheque, for the purchase of additional shares, lay on her desk, presented "with the gratitude and esteem of J. Borthwick."

She was a little, energetic woman, agreeable, well-educated, well-read, ten years as the Professor's secretary had grounded her so effectually in the Theory and all pertaining to it that she had become a source of reference on the subject, consulted by the Professor and the Geological staff, indiscriminately. A kindly nature enhanced her mental attainments, coupled with an assured manner. She was self-sacrificing and self-assertive as occasion demanded, championed her Chief in public, and bullied him in private as one who knew his weaknesses and corrected his spelling.

He turned to his desk and the morning's correspondence. Miss Dickson laid aside her paper.

"The new batch of fossils came in this morning," she said. "I had them arranged in the sampling-room."

"I met Tillman as I came in," the Professor replied; "from what he said it's just possible they have happened upon something new."

He reverted to his letters. "Nothing of importance—ah, yes, unfortunately—a reminder from the editor of the *Scientific Journal* about the contribution I promised. He shall have that note on a Fossil Fish Tooth from the Devonian—when it's finished, only"—he referred again to the letter, and glanced towards the sampling-room door regretfully—"he wants it at once."

"And you want to get to the fossils, so the *Journal* must wait," suggested Miss Dickson, conniving with the Professor's inclination against his conscience.

"A promise," began the Professor pedantically, drifting towards a bureau.

From a drawer containing manuscript he extracted the Fossil Fish Tooth sheets. Miss Dickson took them from him compassionately.

"I'll look through it and see what alteration is needed—your attention would be so divided," she said.

The Professor bore the imputation with meekness and made a bee line for the sampling-room.

"Be sure you come to me if there is anything unnecessary or unintelligible, in your opinion," he paused to add from the threshold—to propitiate Miss Dickson, and palliate the sense of wrong-doing.

Miss Dickson nodded and smiled; the Professor, artful and conscience-stricken, was genuinely humorous.

Left in solitude, she commenced work on the Note; it covered several pages, closely typewritten, and even to her scientifically adjusted mind became a trifle tedious. She turned, for diversion, to the Professor's correspondence and prepared the replies for his signature.

Midday struck; the janitor knocked at the door with a telephonic dinner invitation for the Professor.

"Ask for the number and say the Professor will ring up later," replied Miss Dickson. "He is busy with some fossils, and I can't disturb him." It was her custom to waive matters of minor importance without reference to him, an authority the Professor never resented.

In the next hour various individuals dropped in for conversation with the Professor, and stayed to enjoy it with Miss Dickson. It was past the luncheon-hour when the last departed, and the Professor was still closeted in the sampling-room. Miss Dickson decided to give him another half-hour, and reverted, hungry but patient, to the Fossil Fish Tooth. At the end of the period she knocked at the door and entered.

"Time you went to lunch, Professor," she said.

He was seated with his back towards her, before a table littered with rock specimens, his head sunk between his shoulders, his elbows resting on the table.

It struck her, for the first time, that he looked very old and shrivelled and fragile: the reaction, possibly, from his earlier elation. She approached softly, to avoid startling him.

He seemed unconscious of her presence: his eyes were glued to a magnifying-glass beneath which lay a fragment of limestone containing fossils.

"It is past two o'clock—time you went to lunch, Professor," she repeated.

He made no reply, nor even the slightest movement. She waited a moment longer, and with a woman's intuition divined that something was wrong.

"What is it, Professor?" she exclaimed.

He turned his head slowly and stared at her with a sort of mute defiance.

"Professor, there's something wrong! Tell me what it is," she said sharply.

He pointed at the specimens before him and tried to speak, and with the several languages at his command could find no word to express himself.

He raised his eyes to hers, shamefacedly; a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her—he read it in her eyes—and flung the magnifier from him with a gesture of despair.

"All—dis—proved," he said, faltering from syllable to syllable, and sank back in the chair, a withered, decrepit, old, old man.

"Nonsense! Not the Theory?" she retorted, struggling with overwhelming conviction of the truth and the utter futility of fighting against it.

A knock came at the outer door. It galvanised the poor, broken old man into active misery.

"A laughing-stock! A doddering old idiot! Good God!" he said.

Miss Dickson answered the knock instantaneously, stepped into the passage, and closed the door behind her.

"The Professor is busy—extremely busy; for goodness' sake leave him in peace," she said with irritation to the intruder. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Tillman, I beg your pardon—will you come back presently—I mean to-morrow? Professor Borthwick promised an article for the next number of the *Scientific Journal*, and we must get it off to-day, somehow."

Tillman departed, after a chaffing reference to the business methods of academic cranks. In his wake followed the janitor with another message.

"Look here, Symes," said Miss Dickson decisively, "tell everyone who wants the Professor—in or out of the building—that he's too busy to be interrupted to-day—on any account. I'm sick of repeating the same thing."

The janitor shuffled away; Miss Dickson re-entered the study, and paused for a moment's reflection. Before returning to the Professor she slipped on her hat and coat.

He sighed with relief at her entry; his misery became a shade less acute in her presence; she seemed, temporarily, to stand between him and exposure. Then he noted with deeper despair that she had donned walking attire.

She came to the table and scrutinised the specimens lying before him. Next she turned to a cabinet filled with rock sections labelled "Borthwick River Series" and picked out several fragments from a miscellaneous heap, resembling in shape and size those that lay on the table.

The Professor watched her with apathetic curiosity; she came beside him and picked up the tell-tale limestone near the magnifier, and dropped the pieces, one by one, into the capacious pockets of her coat.

"The river," she said quietly, and arranged the specimens from the cabinet in the space beside the glass.

"No, no!" he exclaimed.

She drew on her gloves with determination. "They will never be missed," she said.

He remembered with terrible joy that she had always had her own way. She was having it now, and he sat there—unprotesting.

"Now I'm going to lock you in for a few minutes, Professor," she resumed. "You've overdone things to-day, and you're too busy to see people."

The door-handle clicked, and the key turned, on the outside. Inevitable reaction succeeded the tension of the last few moments; a shiver ran through the distraught old man—his head swam, a tightness at his throat and chest turned him sick and clammy, his head dropped limply on his hands.

"I'm dying for lunch and a mouthful of fresh air," said Miss Dickson to the janitor, in passing. "I won't be gone long, but don't forget my instructions about the Professor."

She took the air from the bridge spanning the river, pitching stones into midstream with vigorous accuracy.

Thus the Borthwick Theory remained unrefuted, for a season, at all events, and possibly for an indefinable period. But she saw in perspective a vista of weary days—she and the Professor enacting the pretence of the Theory; she could do it, but he, with his abstruse intellect and elemental simplicity, was like a child—there was childish, helpless abandonment in his grief, but where the child's misery is short-lived, his would endure—till the sods in the North-West had been opened to receive Professor Borthwick, as provided for in his will.

He was old, and it was a terrible shock. Miss Dickson found herself wondering, conscience-stricken, how long it would be.

She hastened back to the Survey and the Professor. He had not stirred from his seat, and made no sign when she laid her hand on the arm of the chair.

"Professor!" she said softly.

He did not reply; she scarcely expected that he would, and stood for a moment irresolute, reluctant to rouse him. His watch lying on the table ticked out the seconds; she counted them mechanically. No other sound broke the stillness, not even the Professor's breathing—she held her own to listen.

Another moment passed, and she dropped on her knees beside the chair.

"Professor!" she cried, and her fingers closed on his wrists. . . . "Oh, Professor!"

She dragged his hands from his face and his head dropped sideways, limp and unsightly. She shrank away horror-struck and reached to the bell.

A rumour rushed through the building that old Borthwick was in a stupor; later, the news spread that he was dead.

Miss Dickson was blamed for the folly of letting an old man remain for so many hours without interruption, and without food.

"Heart, I'll be bound," said the janitor. "It's what you'd expect when a man of his age tries to climb the stairs two at a time."

"Heart, I am sure," said Miss Dickson, with nervous conviction.

THE END.

AN EARL'S COURT FOR A ROMAN EMPEROR.



AN "AMERICAN" SENSATION NEAR ANCIENT ROME: TIBERIUS'S PLEASURE GALLEY AS IT PROBABLY APPEARED ON LAKE NEMI.

Lake Nemi, first used as a summer resort by Julius Cæsar, was for many years the pleasure garden of the Roman Emperors. Beneath its waters still lie the remains of two gorgeous galleys that belonged to Tiberius and Caligula. Details supplied by divers and remains brought to the surface have enabled the reconstruction of these in drawing form. Above is shown the Tiberius galley as it probably appeared. On such vessels as these the Roman Emperors combined the worship of Diana with banquets, dances, and other amusements.—[By courtesy of the "Scientific American."]

A SUMMER SCENE BY J. R. WEGUELIN.



"A PASTORAL," SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Artist and the Owner of the Painting. The Copyright is Strictly Reserved by its Owner.



MAY DE SOUSA THE SECOND: MISS NOEL NEVILLE, WHO TOOK MISS DE SOUSA'S PLACE IN "CASTLES IN SPAIN."

Photograph by Bassano

them is that with which Mr. H. B. Irving hopes to conquer the New World. His enterprise, which begins in Manchester, will have more than ordinary interest for the theatregoer, for in his repertoire will be "The Lyons Mail," "Charles I.," and "The Bells," in which he will play the parts which were among the most successful of Sir Henry Irving's successful impersonations. He will also play in "Mauricette," in which he was seen at the Lyric a few weeks ago, as well as in "Paolo and Francesca," the rights of which he has acquired and in which he has selected the part of Giovanni, originally acted by Mr. Alexander.

Everyone to whom British drama appeals will have a good wish to spare for Mr. Irving, whose enterprise is a bold one, for his appearance in the parts played by his father will inevitably cause comparisons to be made, even though his own idea is merely the easily understood one of associating what have come to be regarded as "the Irving parts" with the name of Irving, an idea which would assuredly have been in accordance with Sir Henry's desires.

To carry on the Irving tradition Mr. Irving has engaged several of the actors who were associated with his father, among them Miss Maud Milton, Mr. Frank Tyars, and Mr. Dodsworth, as well as Mr. Lionel Belmore, who is the stage manager. In Miss Baird, too, he will have a member of the old Lyceum company, for she acted many parts with Sir Henry. In addition to Mauricette, which she created, Miss Baird will play Francesca and Queen Henrietta Maria.

Next Monday Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks begin a short tour, limited to three weeks, in "The Catch of the Season." They will play in only two towns—Blackpool for a week and Dublin for a fortnight, after which they may be expected to return to London, the Aldwych, and "The Beauty of Bath."

On the same day Mr. Lewis Waller will begin at the Gaiety Theatre, Douglas, Isle of Man, a provincial tour which will last ten weeks.

Canterbury Week, which begins on Monday, is an interesting one in the theatrical world, for the "Old Stagers" make a point of engaging certain professional actors to help them in the performances which are always such a striking feature of the day's entertainments after the cricket is over. This year the programme will be made up of "Diplomacy," and a triple bill comprising "That Brute Simmons," "The Queen's Messenger," and "The Ballad Monger." Among the ladies who will appear are Lady Lathom, who was recently playing

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

THE dramatic season is about to rise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of its dead self. The signs of its grace, however, are inward, if not spiritual, so far as London is concerned, but its provincial manifestations will be visible on Monday, when several important companies start touring. Prominent among

in "Diplomacy" with the Duchess of Sutherland's company, Mrs. Crutchley, and Mrs. Whittaker; while Miss Henrietta Cowen has been specially engaged, and will act the Marquise de Rio Zares in the long play, Mrs. Simmons in "That Brute Simmons," and Nicole in "The Ballad Monger," the part of Louise in the last-named play being assigned to Miss Moore Lane, who has only recently gone on the stage, and may, therefore, be judged fortunate in being chosen to appear on so important an occasion.

So great has been the demand of provincial managers for "His House in Order" that Mr. George Alexander has determined to send two companies on tour. One of these starts on Monday at Margate

with Mr. Frank Fenton in the part now being played by the popular actor-manager, and Miss Auriol Lee in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's character. On the following Monday the other company will start at Yarmouth, and the two parts will be respectively played by Mr. Stephen Ewart and Miss Jean Sterling McKinley. Miss McKinley has already had the opportunity of playing it while Miss Vanbrugh has been holiday-making. She, however, relinquished it last night, and Miss Vanbrugh returns to the cast this evening. So far Mr. Alexander has not made any plans for taking a vacation.

While this page was in the press last week, a well-known writer about the theatre lamented in a long article that the British drama was dead and that the only worthy plays produced last season were "Major Barbara," "Nero," "His House in Order," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "The Return of the Prodigal." The article has naturally attracted a good deal of attention in theatre-land. A striking fact about the list is that it marks the Court Theatre as the predominant producer of good plays, seeing that three of the picked pieces, "Major Barbara," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "The Return of the Prodigal," were presented there. There is nothing so

easily talked about as the decadence of the drama, and the cry of the pessimist has been loud in the land since there was a British drama. Even Shakspeare bewailed the fact in "Hamlet," in a speech which few people know, for it is always eliminated from the acting version. For one season, however, to produce five really worthy plays, so far from being the subject of complaint or pessimism is really something which should give heart of grace to the writer, as it is a matter for pride and rejoicing rather than for commiseration and lamentation. Such a survey as the one in question is not altogether satisfactory, for the policy of the Court has allowed a frequent change of bill, and "The Return of the Prodigal" was really played only a few times, while the run of "The Voysey Inheritance" was likewise limited. If Mr. Alexander had had half-a-dozen "masterpieces" in hand he would still have been unable to produce them, because the public clamours to see Mr. Pinero's play. The long run which is inevitable under existing circumstances necessarily limits the number of productions.



THE AUTHOR OF THE ORIGINAL OF "DOWN OUR ALLEY": M. ANATOLE FRANCE.

As is generally known, "Down Our Alley," produced at the Garrick on Wednesday of last week, is an adaptation by Mr. Arthur Bourchier of M. Anatole France's play, "Crainquebille."

KEY-NOTES

THE interest which is now being taken in the past history of English music has recently found expression in an edition of the Lectures which have been given at the Music Loan Exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Musicians. Mr. Southgate lets us know that the lectures, which the present writer was fortunately able to attend on one or two occasions, were so highly appreciated that, on the closing of the exhibition, requests for their re-delivery were made from several quarters. Many people make requests without noting the difficulty which their desires would naturally entail. Of course, the old instruments which were exhibited on the Embankment were dispersed immediately after the exhibition, and Mr. Southgate makes it fairly obvious that they are hardly likely to be gathered together again—we quote, in fact, his own phrase. Nevertheless, the book with which the present writer is concerned has especial interest of its own on account of the very many engravings and autographs of music with which—as Mr. Southgate puts it—the publishers have been good enough to incorporate the text. The book, therefore, is extremely interesting, and we must say that it is distinguished by research and by the results of an industry which are not often to be found in volumes devoted to a very special art. Perhaps one of the most interesting illustrations in the whole book is that entitled “The Curtain Tune,” in “The Tempest”; it is a page of the score of Locke’s music to Shakspeare’s last play. The manuscript is very beautifully written, and its neatness and exquisiteness might rival a page from the scores of Mozart or Mendelssohn. Whether or not beauty is always allied in its final expression to beauty in its making one cannot, of course, decide. It is an interesting fact to remember, however, that Mozart’s musical handwriting is almost identical with the musical handwriting of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The Moody Manners Opera Company has, we understand, been doing very good business at the Lyric Theatre. The second performance of their season was one of Wagner’s “Tannhäuser.” Mr. Joseph O’Mara took the title-part with immense success. One odd little incident in connection with the performance was the very successful effort on the part of a lady in the front row of the stalls to restrain the chorus from coming in at the wrong moment; Mr. Manners controls every detail of his work so completely that one simply mentions the matter as an amusing incident in connection with this particular interpretation. Mr. O’Mara was at his best in his rendering of the part of Tannhäuser. He is a splendid artist, and not for a moment does he forget the requirements which are put upon him by his art. Other well-known names were associated with the cast, such

as Mr. Charles Magrath, Mr. Devar, Miss Seiter, and Madame De Vere. Herr Eckhold was the conductor, and again showed his intimacy with Wagner’s music and succeeded in obtaining the best possible results from the band under his control. At the same time, Mr. Eckhold might be informed that his methods of inducing his orchestra to follow his conductorship exactly according to his ideas, are occasionally somewhat too voluble. It always seems to the present writer that the giving of audible directions to an orchestra

makes the situation considerably worse than if the orchestra played somewhat out of time; just for a few bars, and even somewhat out of tune; for a conductor’s voice is rarely in perfect tune with his own band. Here is a subject concerned with the art of conducting which many a leader of the orchestra might lay to heart.

We commented last week upon a performance of “Don Giovanni” at Covent Garden. On the occasion to which we refer Signor Battistini took the part of the Don. A few days ago the part was interpreted by Signor Scotti, who acted and sang exceedingly well, even though his part in the central rôle of the opera does not seem to us to exactly suit him. Don Giovanni is a very subtle character to interpret; the very fact that it is his destiny to make what is commonly called “many conquests” leads the singer into the idea that Don Giovanni is not quite the gentleman. Now this is precisely the subtle point which Mozart in his collusion with Da Ponte wished to bring out. M. Renaud gave us that ideal magnificently; and from historic details one has gathered that the same realisation of the Don as a “dissolute gentleman” has been presented before the public by quite a number of discerning artists. Scotti sings exceedingly well; he has a vitality and a fineness of spirit which carry him far towards the right realisation of the character of Don Giovanni, but he seems just to fail in a certain point of delicacy

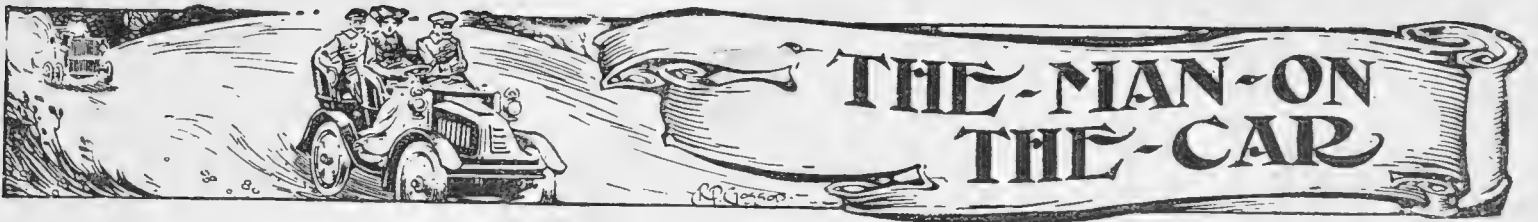
which through the many melodies written for the part by Mozart he should have made more obvious and more clear.

All congratulations must be given to Mlle. Donalda, who appeared in the part of Zerlina in the interpretation of “Don Giovanni,” upon which comment has just been made. It would have been exceedingly agreeable had it been possible for her husband, M. Seveilhac, to appear also in the cast. In fact, it had been whispered that there was quite a chance of this conjunction being made possible; but, perhaps, such obvious publicity would not have been quite pleasant to either of these very excellent artists who have made so considerable a reputation for themselves upon the operatic stage.—COMMON CHORD.



COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE AS THE HOME OF ROMANCE: M. AND MME. PAUL SEVEILHAC, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE AT THE BLOOMSBURY REGISTRY OFFICE LAST WEEK.

Mlle. Pauline Donalda, the young soprano who has made such a big success at Covent Garden in the past two seasons, was married in the beginning of last week to M. Seveilhac, the baritone who has sung at Covent Garden for some years past, and is best known, perhaps, for his Valentine in “Faust,” his Mercutio in “Roméo,” and his Silvio in “Pagliacci.” On the evening of her marriage-day, Madame Seveilhac took the part of Zerlina in “Don Giovanni.” She has now left town but will probably return to London next year. Madame Seveilhac, who comes of a Jewish family and received a great part of her musical education in Canada, is very popular at Covent Garden, and there was some talk of a little friendly demonstration on Monday night by friends in the house. At the critical moment, however, their courage failed them.



MAN'S MISTAKE! AN OPPORTUNITY LOST—THE "CONTINENTAL" HANDBOOK: A WONDERFUL PRODUCTION—TWO AND FOUR-CYLINDER ENGINES—O! WHAT A SURPRISE!—A NOVEL TYRE-GAUGE—NO MORE UNDER-PRESSURE—THE SPEED IN THE GRAND PRIX: CUI BONO?

TO my mind, the authorities of the dainty little Isle of Man have been more than short-sighted in fixing a speed-limit for motor-cars at the absurd figure of fourteen miles per hour. The members of the House of Keys mainly responsible for this enactment can never have sat in a car fitted with a good speed-gauge, such

as Smith's "Perfect" Speed-Indicator, and noted how very sedate is the progress of a motor-car at the British limit, or they would never have delivered themselves of anything so fatuous. The imposition of this ill-advised restriction and other quite unnecessary conditions with regard to notice of arrival in the Island with a car will discourage motorists from taking their cars to the Island during the period of the Tourist Trophy Race, and at other times, or, indeed, from visiting the Island at all. How much better had little Man essayed to set

no more is more easily imagined than described. The car was a 10-12-horse power Argyll.

Tyre manufacturers continue to assert that half the wear on tyres is due to the fact that these are seldom if ever inflated to the advised pressure, and that this is sometimes—indeed, very frequently—due to the fact that the pressure-gauges, even when fitted to inflating-pumps, seldom, if ever, correctly register the pressure per square inch obtaining within the inner tube. I have found many of these pump-gauges register fifteen to twenty per cent. more pressure than there was actually on the tube, so that, if the advised pressure was eighty pounds to the square inch and the pump-gauge showed this, there would be but sixty pounds within the tyre, and hence rapid wear and disintegration of the cover. A few days since, however, I came across a neat and handy little instrument made by Mr. H. W. Southall, of Birmingham, which can be attached to the valve, and the pressure of the air within taken truly and at once without loss of air. It is provided with a two-way cock and nozzle for pump attachment, so that if the tyre requires more inflation, additional air can be introduced without removing the testing gauge, which will then show when the proper pressure has been reached. This gauge can be easily carried in the tool-bag, and will relieve much anxiety with regard to those expensive adjuncts, tyres.

A well-known French automobilist writing in that excellent paper, *Omnia*, has subjected the results of the late race of the Circuit de la Sarthe to very severe criticism. He does not agree with the frequent statement that nothing more is to be learnt from speed contests, but points out that the Grand Prix has taught the motor world much. This, however, is written in a fine vein of irony, for he goes on to show that, to obtain the highest possible speed for several hours—that is to say, for a period sufficiently long to demolish tyres—it is not necessary to employ a motor of the highest obtainable power, for, on the circuit evidence, the car that won was propelled by the lowest powered engine entered. It is then pointed out that in the Paris-Madrid race 1903 the highest average speed was made by Gabriel on a 70-horse power Mors, and was equal to 65·6 miles per hour on the high road in its ordinary condition and over a distance equal to six times the lappage of the Circuit de la Sarthe. Three years later, over a prepared road and super-elevated curves and for one circuit only, the Grand Prix winner, Szisz, on a 105-horse power Renault, achieved 62·8 miles per hour. It is suggested that this is hardly to be called progress, particularly in view of the employment of the detachable rim and tyre.



A PRINCIPAL IN THE INQUIRY INTO THE MENTAL CONDITION OF THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND: THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND ON HER MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by Bassano.

a common-sense example to its big sister by ignoring speed altogether and relying upon a public danger clause for all the protection necessary.

No more useful or well-produced *vade mecum* for the motorist touring Great Britain and Ireland has yet been offered than the "1906 Handbook for Automobilers," issued by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Limited, in excellent time to catch the intending tourist. The dominant feature of this well-produced and beautifully printed work is, of course, the "Automobilers' Gazetteer for Great Britain and Ireland," in which is given an alphabetical list of towns with addresses of convenient oil and petrol depôts, reliable repair-shops, garages, hotels, etc. The distance of each town from London is also given in miles, with a brief itinerary of the best route thereto. By this gazetteer the automobilist can tell exactly how he is catered for in each town. In addition, the contents boasts calendars, lamplighting, and moon tables, the Motor Acts, and L.G.B. regulations, a list of taxes payable, an exhaustive treatise on tyres, lists of home and foreign clubs, excellent articles on motor-clothing and the care of cars, railway and steamer freights, and many most useful tables, and other matters of value. This remarkable production will arrive to any motorist in the kingdom upon sending sixpence in stamps to the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Limited, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

A year or two ago the intending motorist whose worldly weal confined him within the cost of a car driven by a two-cylinder engine felt that Fate was more or less unkind to him in so shutting him off from the possession of a four-cylinder motor. To-day if a line may be taken through the two-cylinder 10-12-horse power Argyll he has little or no cause for lament. Awhile since an expert of the military or political cast—I forget which, but one, nevertheless, who has strongly assumed the air of the expert—spoke somewhat contemptuously of two-cylinder engines, and vowed he would not have one as a gift. Four-cylinders were the only wear for a self-respecting motorist, and no fewer would serve. A day or two later he was taken a trial trip in an Argyll car, the bonnet of which was not raised before starting. The run was of considerable length, and the while and afterwards our expert was full of the sweet smooth running of this (presumed) four-cylinder engine. Returned to the starting point, the bonnet was lifted to allow him to inspect the motor, and his expression when he found that that bonnet enclosed two cylinders and



GUARDING AGAINST STREET EXPLOSIONS SAID TO BE CAUSED BY THE DRAINAGE OF GASOLINE FROM MOTOR-CARS INTO THE SEWERS: MAN-HOLES IN WEST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, VENTILATED BY EARTHENWARE PIPES, WHICH ACT AS CHIMNEYS TO THE SEWERS.

New York has discovered a new street danger, which it places to the credit of the careless chauffeur. Explosions in sewers, blowing manhole covers high in the air and causing considerable damage, have been of frequent occurrence there recently. The authorities have fixed the responsibility for these upon careless users of gasoline in motor-car garages. Says Leslie's—"It has been a common enough thing to see a chauffeur take his entire engine out and dip it in gasoline to clean it, letting the waste run where it might—into the drains in many cases."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURES—STARTING—FIXTURES.

IT is most considerate of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to announce that top-hats and frock-coats are not compulsory at Goodwood this year; and it is a fact worth noting in passing that his Grace had been to Buckingham Palace the day before the announcement was made. So many men motor to Goodwood, and it is, to say the least, hard work to get up in the height of fashion after, say, a fifty-mile journey on dusty roads, travelling at twenty miles per hour. It is only natural that top-hats are expected when the Queen is present, but, unfortunately, her Majesty will not grace the meeting with her august presence this year. I am told, by-the-by, that the racing at Brighton and Lewes will be quite up to the average; while the meetings at Alexandra Park on Saturday, and at Hurst Park on Bank Holiday, are both expected to yield well. Some of the professionals rest for the Saturday and Monday at Brighton, but others

expensive accidents at times. I am half-inclined to think that some of the jockeys are responsible for the bad starts occasionally, and I would give the starters the power to suspend these for the rest of the meeting, while in the case of a repetition of the offence, I would have them dealt with summarily by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Certain it is that the starter's life is not a happy one. He tries to give all the horses a chance, and in doing this he often lets the biggest offender have a flying start. There is, too, a big temptation to unprincipled owners to start refractory horses on the off-chance of them upsetting hot favourites. Standing starts are not a success.

Some alterations have been made in the racing fixtures for 1907. The most important is the one giving the August Bank Holiday fixture



A ROMAN HOLIDAY IN UTRECHT: A TWENTIETH CENTURY REPRODUCTION OF CHARIOT-RACING IN ANCIENT ROME.

never miss the A.P. fixture. Indeed, one big ready-money layer once told me that he always took a bucketful of silver at the Alexandra Park fixture. There will be a leviathan crowd at Hurst Park on Monday if the weather is at all favourable, as the average Londoner favours racing at Molesey Hurst in the summer months. The course has been watered for weeks past, and it should afford the best of going. Mr. Joe Davis, who is at the head of affairs here, was lucky in getting the Duke of Richmond to become one of the Stewards, for Goodwood is usually the only meeting at which his Grace acts in this capacity.

There have been some terrible starts of late, and many people are of the opinion that the Jockey Club should sanction the walk up. For years I have agitated for the chalk-line system, which has been tried successfully at many meetings in the United States. Let a chalk-line be drawn fifty yards behind the gate and allow the horses, at a signal, to walk up to the tape. Then the start should at all times be at least an equitable one. If the present mode of starting is to be persevered with many 'cute backers will hesitate to follow their fancies until the tape has gone up. If I had my way, well-known fractious horses would be debarred from racing at all, or, better still, I would confine them to "fractious handicaps," originated for bad-tempered, unruly animals only. The gentlemen who manipulate the gates at the present time are certainly most able men. They exercise the greatest care, but withal we see some terribly

to Sandown Park instead of to Hurst Park. I do not think that the change will find favour with the public, who have up till now flocked to Molesey Hurst in their thousands on each August Bank Holiday. 'Appy Ampton is get-at-able by road, rail, river, tube, and tram, and the walk by the river is one of the big features of the meeting. Thousands of racegoers have been in the habit of finishing up the day at Hampton Court or in Bushey Park, and it is a shame that their pleasures should be put an end to. However, the Jockey Club disposes, and it only remains for the Sandown Park management to prepare for receiving a big crowd. Anyway, the improvements contemplated at Esher are a ten-shilling ring and a covered stand to the half-crown ring. The latter must be enlarged forthwith to double its present size to be of any use to a holiday crowd. I hope the gate will be reduced to one shilling. If it is not the new feature is very likely to be a failure. Further, the railway fare will have to be a very cheap one, with plenty of train accommodation, and I am afraid the checkogram system will have to be dispensed with at the ring entrances for this day only, or the crowd will take half the day in going through the turnstiles. There must be several entrances and places of exit to allow the people inside the ring to cross the course for the purpose of witnessing the finishes of the five-furlong races. Refreshment tents will have to be erected on the course.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AFTER two months at a fashionable French watering-place—so cosmopolitan in its character that English, Americans, and the fair feminine of gay Lutetia are equally in evidence—I have come to the conclusion that the Queen of Sheba was a Frenchwoman—if not climatically, at all events characteristically, which line



[Copyright.]

A DARK-BLUE CLOTH GOWN WITH LIGHT-BLUE PIPINGS.

of argument is enough for my purpose. This gorgeous mondaine of ancient days believed in the potentiality of clothes, and evidently knew how to wear her trappings, as witness the admiring testimony of that most expert and experienced of judges, His Majesty King Solomon. Now, of all others to evolve much effect from meagre cause commend me to a Frenchwoman. She is seldom as beautiful as an Englishwoman, as graceful as an Italian, as smart and amusing as an American, as fascinating as a Spaniard, yet she will produce a completeness of effect that none of these other daughters of Eve can achieve as far as externals go, because her waist is so beautifully neat, her shoes, her stockings, her lingerie so inexpressibly dainty, her hair *bien*—oh! so *bien soigné*—her gloves perfection, and her hat a poem, perched at the most perfect angle of her *ondulé* locks. "How is it done?" one naturally asks at the end of this tirade; and the answer is that a Frenchwoman has an infinite capacity for taking pains, and devotes that excellent quality to her toilette as well as to other affairs of life.

The summing-up of an Englishwoman, on the other hand, was shown most completely in a paragraph from some weekly which appeared the other day, and announced that "an Englishwoman abroad wears the loosest corsets, the largest boots, the easiest gloves, the floppiest of hats," as her combined tribute to summer and comfort. A shocking indictment indeed, and one which, with a few prosperous and lavishly pursed exceptions, must be sorrowfully admitted. The Anglo-Saxon, in a word, is too stolid for the rôle of sorceress—too sober for She of Sheba!

Meanwhile, the most exquisite summer gowns are everywhere visible in the smart shops of the Villes d'Eau, which are for the most part season dépôts of the great French houses, Paris for the moment

being empty of its "elegantes," who are disporting along the coast or at equally gay inland spas. Ossa upon Pelion represents the lace piled on embroidery and embroidery on lace of the lingerie gown of the moment. Needlework of infinite patience, skill, and elaboration, evolving one intricacy on another, brings the cost of these delicate airy-fairynesses to sums of extremely solid character, and it is not unusual to pay three to five hundred francs for an apparently guileless frock of simple white, but of what also the Germans call much needle-ing.

Goodwood is not what it used to be in the good old days before motors scattered the concrete mass of humanity known as London Society into a million atoms that fly hither and thither at their own sweet will to every quarter of the planet, to say nothing of this tight little island. Still, all the usual big houses are filled, Lord Leconfield's delightful old place, Petworth, being hospitably occupied to its last guest chamber, while Mrs. Henderson's place in Sussex is not alone filled as to bedrooms, but all the people staying there have brought their motors, so that there will be quite a dozen in the garage. Lady Leitrim will be staying with her mother for the races. Mr. Thomas Skinner has a party at Munthorne Court; so that neighbouring houses will send their quota to the historic gathering.

A pink gauze frock over mauve is one of the dainty frocks to be worn on Thursday; incrustations of ivory lace edged with black Valenciennes make a charming effect on bodice and skirt, the lace being *à jour*, to show the mauve under-dress. Another new notion is the use of coloured lace on white, and a gown for the same wearer is of ivory mousseline-de-soie trimmed with insertions and medallions of pale-green Chantilly. A picture-hat of black tulle with green plumes



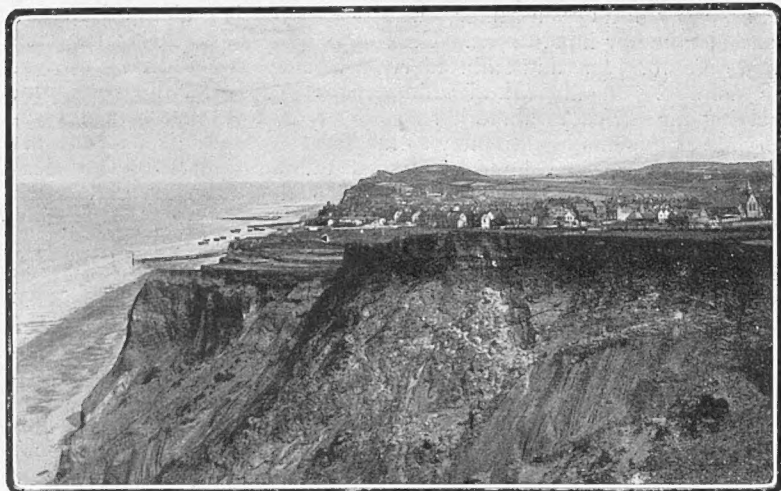
[Copyright.]

A TAILOR-MADE IN GREY CLOTH.

accompanies this charmingly original gown, and a dainty parasol of white lace lined with green chiffon carries out the cool scheme of colour most acceptably.

Quite short tailor-made frocks are amongst modes of the moment, now that wild duck shooting actually begins on the first, and that grouse will fall to the gun in another ten days. Plaids,

checks and "heather mixtures" are the affected of the hour, very often cuffed and collared with suède or leather which gives a workmanlike look to the well-built garment. Two *chic* walking dresses of the kind, just made for a forthcoming Irish wedding, are in mauve and Lincoln-green Irish tweeds respectively. The vest and cuffs of



A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY HAUNT: SHERINGHAM, NOW CONNECTED WITH THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

A few days ago the Great Eastern Railway added another link to the chain connecting the pleasant seaside places of Norfolk. The branch line effects a direct rail communication between London and West Runton and Sheringham, three hours and thirteen minutes being the time allowed to reach the latter place. Through carriages are being run on the principal Cromer expresses, and thus another Norfolk town is brought closer to the Metropolis.

mauve suède on the former, are brightened by a trefoil design in narrow gold and silver braid, while the green frock is greatly assisted by a removable *gilet* of white pique with tiny gold buttons.

Have I mentioned that white embroidered linen shoes are *de rigueur* with white linen gowns this season? If not it should be borne in mind, as wearing black or even brown shoes with a white gown is not the mark of the sartorially elect.

The Christian Scientists are admittedly persons of ardent imagination, and that their weird beliefs carry them soaringly over the troubles of sea-sickness is just instanced in a letter to their much-revered "leader," Mrs. Eddy, in which the writer says: "On the 19th and 20th we had a gale and high seas, and, though most of the passengers were ill, we never missed a meal!" The reverse of the medal is shown in a case brought by an American lady against her dressmaker (a Christian Scientist) for having wounded her in the arm with scissors while fitting on a frock. The dress was a misfit. The wound inflamed. An action followed, with costs for plaintiff. "Did or did not," asked the Judge, "your scissors pierce this lady's arm?" "Yes, in a measure; but she only imagined it hurt." "Was the misfit of this dress"—produced in court—"imagination?" "Wa'al, I guess if she had been in a right frame of mind, it would have fitted her body all right." "That will do," quoth the Judge. "Twenty dollars and costs for your powers of imagination."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

F. C. C.—Yes, two veils are quite usual—one for drapery and the other for use as a veil. Peter Robinson's, Jay's, or Kate Reily's would make what you require. SYBIL.

The majority of those who choose the month of August for their annual migration to the seaside or some quiet country spot, with an



WHERE THE FOOD COMES FROM: MESSRS. ALLEN AND HANBURY'S NEW WORKS AT WARE.

Messrs. Allen and Hanbury, manufacturers of the well-known "Allenbury" foods for infants, have opened extensive new works at Ware, Herts. The firm have been most fortunate in the selection of the site of their factories. They stand on the outskirts of an old and picturesque town in the heart of the country, although only twenty-two miles from London. The estate on which the factories are built covers an area of seventeen acres, through which runs the River Lea. On every side stretch the meadows which provide pasturage for herds that supply milk to the factory. The buildings are designed on hygienic principles, they are admirably ventilated, and every precaution has been taken to make the work-rooms light, cheerful, and sanitary.

old-fashioned farmhouse for headquarters, travel by one or other of the many cheap Bank Holiday excursions. Knowing from many years of experience and careful study, the general requirements of the average pleasure-seeker with heavy expenses and moderate means, the Great Western Railway are able to offer the most extensive facilities for reaching the very best places at the lowest possible cost. A cursory glance at their excursion programme will show that every district on their line of 283½ miles (the longest in the kingdom) is included, special prominence being given to holiday haunts, of which there is a great number. A feature of considerable interest to holiday-makers this year is the introduction of "holiday season tickets." If you are in doubt as to where to spend your holiday, you cannot do better than consult the G.W.R. travel books, "Cornish Riviera," "South Wales," "Historic Sites and Scenes of England" (price threepence each, post free), or "Holiday Haunts," which includes a list of apartments, farmhouses, hotels, etc., price one penny, or post free threepence. These works, together with full particulars of excursions, can be obtained at any of the Company's offices and stations, or by return of post direct from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington.

At the seventeenth annual meeting of Heywood and Co., Limited, the well-known publishers and trade paper proprietors, held recently at the registered offices of the company, 150, Holborn, Mr. Walter Judd, the chairman and managing director, was able to announce increased profits, in spite of combines and trusts which were most detrimental to their interests. He congratulated the shareholders on the success of their new weekly, *Footwear*, and the useful work being done by the *Confectioners' Union* through Mr. Clarke Saunders (the editor) in connection with Lord Avebury's Sunday Closing Bill.



AN INTERESTING GARDEN-PARTY: MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW'S STAFF AND FRIENDS AT MR. WARING'S ESTATE, FOOT'S CRAY PLACE, NEAR SIDCUP.

The staff of Messrs. Waring and Gillow and a large number of friends journeyed down from London the other day to Foot's Cray Place, near Sidcup, the beautiful estate of Mr. Waring, where a garden party, athletic sports, and a presentation were held. Dinner was given in a marquee on the lawn, and afterwards a presentation of a splendid silver inkstand was made by the staff to the chairman and managing directors of the company in commemoration of the opening of the new premises in Oxford Street. Mr. S. J. Waring replied thanking the staff for the gift and for their zealous co-operation in the opening of the new premises.

Lord Avebury has sent the following message to Mr. Saunders: "I am glad that we have come to an understanding." The "understanding" is that the shopkeeper is to be permitted to sell sweetmeats "in small quantities to passers-by."

To Londoners, as well as others, arranging for the annual vacation, especially if it is to be taken *en famille*, the chief worry is the settling of the hundred-and-one little details incidental to the journey out and home, not to mention the uncertainty, if a new district be chosen for the holiday, of what manner a place it may prove to be. In any case, and in such a one particularly, it is undoubtedly a great boon to be able to get in a few minutes full information first hand of the chosen spot, from one who knows all about it, to purchase the necessary railway tickets, have the required accommodation reserved in the trains by which one will travel, and make arrangements for the collection, conveyance, and delivery at destination of one's luggage. This is, however, now possible, at any rate for those contemplating a holiday anywhere in that portion of England lying North of the Humber. The North-Eastern Railway Company, whose line covers practically the whole of that district, having recently opened, at 87, Gracechurch Street, E.C., a Holiday Bureau, at which every information in regard to resorts in Yorkshire, Northumberland, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Durham served by them is given by one of their representatives who is personally acquainted with the whole country.

Through the facilities afforded by their distilleries at Ord (Muir of Ord, Ross-shire) and Parkmore (Dufftown), it will be possible for Messrs. James Watson and Co., of Dundee, to execute their orders as usual without any excessive delay, despite the great fire at their distillery.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

A WORD TO INVESTORS.

THE Stock Exchange is a strange place and its moods are wonderfully inconsistent. Last week everything was pessimistic, national bankruptcy was about to overwhelm us, and nobody ever expected to do any business again; to-day the sky is comparatively clear, the Russian trouble is all moonshine, the Kaffir boom is about to begin, and little but the completest optimism will pass muster. It is often said that your broker is the worst person to advise you, and in some ways this is so, for the average Stock Exchange man never looks beyond his nose; he deals with a view to undoing the bargain in the shortest time and at a small profit; and he forgets that most of his clients buy or sell with larger aims and longer views. If our readers, when considering investments, would be more inclined to follow "Q's" method of patient inquiry into the merits or demerits of the proposed stock, and what may be expected of it from a revenue point of view during the next few years, rather than the broker's method of judging by whether it is what he calls "a good market," which generally means "an active market" at the moment, there would be less regrets over bad investments and disappointed hopes.

THE IMPROVED MARKETS.

Undoubtedly the markets have improved in every department, and business at the moment of writing is on a broader basis than it has been for some weeks. From Consols to Kaffirs, not only are prices better, but there is a feeling that the worst is over, and that in the autumn, if not before, we may expect a considerable improvement. The Railway dividends continue to be satisfactory, and to point to a fine all-round improvement in the returns for the year 1906, for in most cases we have not only an increased dividend for the first half of the year, but a better carry forward as well, while the reports of such important and divergent industrial concerns as the English Sewing Cotton Company, the Gas Light and Coke Company, and Waring and Gillow's show that the trade revival of which the Railway returns have given ample evidence for the last six months is by no means confined to the Steel and Iron trade.

The Tokio Loan, to which we called attention last week, is now offered to investors, and presents one of those opportunities of obtaining 5 per cent. with more than reasonable security for which so many of our readers are continually asking. The total amount of the loan is one-and-a-half millions, and it will form the whole indebtedness of the capital of the Japanese Empire; the annual service of the bonds, including redemption, requires only 974,000 yen—rather less than £100,000—and not only is this secured upon the whole municipal revenue of the town, but it has especially hypothecated the water rates, rents of city properties, and the special duty tax, which during the last five years have together produced annually more than the amount required. The only objection to the bonds is the right of the city to redeem after 1916; but still a good ten year 5 per cent. investment is not to be despised, and may well see a premium of four or five per cent. in a year or two.

CONSOLS AND OTHER STOCKS.

Consols have recovered from the scare of last week, which took them below 87, and the market looks a good one again. Mr. Asquith appears to think that it is of more importance to reduce the floating debt than to apply every available shilling of the debt redemption funds with a view of helping Consols to a level more in accordance with the proper credit of the country, but many financial authorities feel that the present price of our premier security is a matter of national concern, and would prove of the greatest disadvantage to the Empire if any sudden emergency were to overtake us. Given a reasonable division of the funds at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their application to the purchase of as many Consols as possible, we see no reason why the price should not steadily rise at least to the level of, say, 95. Surely it is true national economy to buy while they are cheap.

The firmness of Rhodesian shares during the last few days has been attributable in part to the talk of the Government buying out the Chartered Company, and to the belief that in the Parliamentary discussion which is impending upon the Constitution of the Transvaal, some announcement will be made; but we can hardly believe that with the Government following, constituted as it is, any such plan will find favour. The benefits which Rhodesia will obtain from the Beit bequest appear a much more likely explanation, for the money is bound to materially help the development of the country.

The abject apathy of the public towards Home Rails, to which we

called attention in our last issue, has given place to a general "tip" that they may all be bought with a view to increasing value. For those who want income, we should say North-Eastern Consols, Central London Preferred, and Great Northern Deferred are worth looking after, while Great Central Preference and South-Eastern Deferred strike us as not bad stocks to lock up for a rise in capital value.

AMERICANS AGAIN.

Playing a good second to the pulsing music of the Kaffir Circus, the American Market has aroused its bulls to renewed activity by the vivid manner in which prices responded to the call of the New York tune. Wall Street is evidently working upon the lines indicated here time after time as the surest ones along which improvement can be drawn. The magnificent prosperity of the United States comes so opportunely to second the past policy of the best Companies for putting money into the roads at the expense of dividends that the stockholders deserve to reap the harvest of higher prices now displayed. We see the flies in the ointment, of course, and do not like the chary manner that the American public exhibits towards bond issues. It may extend presently to refusal of shares, and there is the ever-recurring danger of American prosperity coming to the point where expansion marks time. But the dangers seem to us to be away in the future, and the present time, to our mind, holds out no worse fortune for the bull than an occasional reaction.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Are we downhearted?" exclaimed a dealer in the Kaffir Circus this afternoon, and the heartiness with which the regular, if by this time monotonous, negative was given would scarcely have been possible a month or two ago. A change has come over the spirit of our dream, and where dulness reigned supreme, cheerfulness is again installed. The whole House rejoices at the revival in Kaffirs, and the sentimental effect of a rise in a few gambling counters is really remarkable. Sentimentalism has once more proved her despotic influence in the prosaic realm of practical finance. Sentimentalism, the "fiddling harmonics on the strings of sensualism," as Diana pronounced it, has linked a rise in Kaffirs with advances in a dozen other markets round the House. Who said that Kaffirs were for ever dead? Let the villain but show his face, and we will rend him limb from limb. For we are all bulls now, and have a touching confidence in the never-endingness of a slight revival. Downhearted? Not we!

Malicious Stock Exchange rumours tell how a certain member of the House, a broker best known for his weight and rotundity, stood outside Cannon Street Station one day, pondering. He was possessed of a temper none too sweet, and upon observing a small boy watching him intently, he sharply demanded what the youngster wanted. No answer. With increasing asperity he repeated the query. The boy backed round Dowgate Hill before he replied that he was "A'waitin' to see the berloon go up."

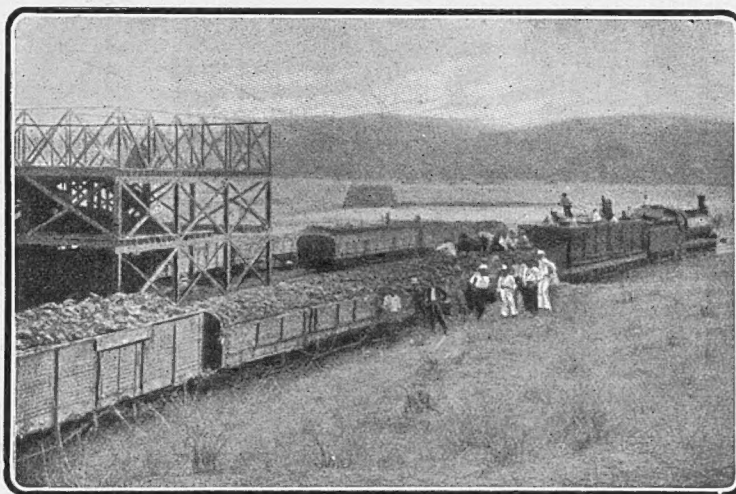
And a good many of us are waiting to see if the Kaffir balloon will go much higher. One sincerely desires that it may. Nothing more pleasing to the average broker can be conceived than a thoroughly good revival in Kaffirs. How far a boom is a blessing to any market we all have our doubts, but the market need not go beyond all reasonable bounds for a rise to encourage genuine business. In the autumn we may perhaps get a fresh stream of public orders, and while the latest improvement may have to react, Kaffirs stand at least a chance of better days before the end of the year. Rand Mines are the things to buy; Rand Mines as a speculative investment—*cum* their recently declared dividend, and despite the death of Mr. Beit—East Rands, too, as a gamble and Chartered as a long lock-up. For dividends, New Primrose, judiciously intermingled with City and Suburban, with a few Nigels to leaven the lump. Speculative, of course, all the lot, but likely to be somewhere near the van when the rise begins. Still, in my humble opinion, I don't think there's any vast hurry to take your seats for the Kaffir boom, although it may not be worth while to wait for a reaction which, perhaps, will tarry long in the coming.

Two jobbers had a heated altercation over the number of shares they had each dealt in on a particular day. At last, A bet a sovereign that he (A) had dealt in the greater number of shares. Neither would disclose the exact number, so a third member was called in to decide the bet. Each of the disputants had to write the number on a slip of paper and hand it to the umpire, who was given the stakes. Upon the papers being opened, the umpire told A that B had won. A couldn't understand it; said he knew B was not telling the truth, and so on. Then he caught sight of the arbitrator's face, and snatched away B's paper. On it he read, "100 shares more than A."

Well, isn't the weather hot enough to roast chestnuts?

Here is rather a curious anomaly. Schibaieff Petroleum Ordinary shares of £1 each fully paid are 6s. 6d. buyers. The 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference, of £5 each fully paid, with arrears of interest on them amounting to something like 25s., can be obtained for £2 12s. 6d. Russian Oil shares are not precisely the things upon which old ladies can sleep with comfort, and the financial position of the Schibaieff Petroleum Company leaves much to be desired. But these two quotations carry such an obvious discrepancy that it is difficult to see how holders of Ordinary can resist the temptation to exchange into the Preference shares. The latter don't look a bad gamble, either.

Economy and efficiency being the alleged key-note of our present Administrators' policy, one wishes that some of the Board of Trade officials could have seen a little incident which took place at a tiny fishing-village on the Yorkshire coast the other day. A stout post, some twenty feet high, stands in the sand to represent the mast of a vessel in distress, and four times a year the Board of Trade cart forms the centre of a crowd of men who are supposed to practise rocket-firing and life-saving. I was looking on last week at the fastening of a rope from the top of the post to the cart. A man climbed up the post, arranged himself in a sort of life-buoy, and carefully swung off. When he reached the ground he walked along to the cart where a waterproof sheet was spread to receive his dying frame. He lay down and for the space of about two minutes at the outside, three men pretended to rub his legs and expand his arms. It was a mere pretence, no more. After which, the sufferer got up and walked off amid shouts of "Saved!" and with the announcement that dying was thirsty work. Then they packed away the ropes in a box, and



COAL LEAVING THE WANKIE MINE, RHODESIA.

in such a manner that a coastguard vowed they could not be taken out under fifteen minutes, and the comical show was concluded by hanging things all round and under the Board of Trade cart. The whole farce lasted for something like half-an-hour. And this is the rehearsal for those grim ocean-realities upon which men's lives depend. A thin thread to hang a man's existence upon, do you not think, my masters? In that hobbledehoy, amateurish performance upon the sunny sands, with the holiday crowd around, and the tiny waves curling so tenderly upon the beach, methinks the pale, terror-stricken face of Tragedy peeped uncannily close to the smiling mask of the obvious comedy.

What has all this to do with finance? More, perhaps, than may at first glance appear to those who look but for Stock Exchange gossip, chestnuts, and similar ("You do write audaciously!" a critic assured me the other day, in some sorrow and more anger at the irreverent treating of Stock Exchange matters—) audacities at the hand of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE REPORT.

So many of our readers are, by our recommendation, interested in this Company that a word or two on the Report just issued may not be out of place. The accounts are presented in a form which we wish other Companies would adopt—that is to say, the figures for the corresponding half-year of 1905 are placed for comparison on the left-hand side of the revenue-account, and it is easy at a glance to see where the improvement comes from and where the weak spots are to be found.

The net result of the Company's trading for the half-year ending June 30, 1906, is certainly very satisfactory. The sales of gas have increased from £1,492,746 to £1,549,655, while the amounts received for residuals are practically identical. That gas is not likely to go out of use is made pretty apparent by the increase of 13,412 in the number of customers and by the fact that over 14,000 more gas-stoves have been let on hire.

The result of the half-year is a net revenue of £569,878 against £509,223, or an improvement of over £60,000, which enables the statutory dividend of £4 8s. per cent. to be paid, and £210,481 to be carried forward against £181,298 brought into the account. Those of our readers who on our advice purchased their holdings when the price was nearer 90 than 100 can congratulate themselves on having a good 4½ per cent. investment, while even at the present price the stock is just the sort of thing for quiet people who are satisfied with a shade under that return.

Saturday, July 28, 1906.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness

of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YORKE.—We have sent you the broker's name. The price of the Nitrate shares is about 4½, and they can be dealt in without difficulty, we believe; but you had better ask the broker. We think Appolinaris Ordinary are fairly safe, but the Preference strike us as cheaper, considering the security. The Railway you may well buy if you will hold them for, say, twelve months, as also North-Eastern or Central London Preferred Ordinary.

J. W.—Your letter was answered on the 25th ult.

AMICUS.—Neither of the securities mentioned by you appeal to us.

E. G.—See "Q's" note in our issue of the 25th. We can add nothing to it.

QUEENIE.—It is certain to turn out badly in our opinion. If a lady of your inexperience expects to make money by gambling on the Stock Exchange you are sure to be disappointed.

FAITHFUL.—The shares appear to have fallen about 4s. from the best. The cause of the fall seems to be the closing of a few weak speculative accounts. We can hear of nothing wrong with the Company.

OASIS.—You will get a run for your money, and, we think, will do well with the shares you suggest. We believe in the Company.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following should go close at Goodwood: Singleton Plate, Deal; Goodwood Plate, St. Wulfram; Findon Stakes, Blue Sand; Sussex Stakes, Sancy; Lavant Stakes, Orwell; Hahnaker Plate, Black Auster; Drayton Handicap, Full Cry; Corinthian Plate, Bibury; Goodwood Cup, Llangibby; Rous Memorial Stakes, The Sun; Prince of Wales's Stakes, Traquair; Chesterfield Cup, Amitie; Gordon Stakes, Troutbeck; Chichester Handicap, Xeny. At Alexandra Park I fancy Bibury for the Alexandra Welter and Early Bird for the Municipal Handicap. The following should run well at Hurst Park on Monday: Holiday Plate, Troutbeck; Hurst Park Welter, Fruitful; Sprint Handicap, Little Theo; Park Handicap, Avebury; Middlesex Stakes, Summer.

Investment.

Increase of Income by World-wide Investment.

CONTENTS.

- The Stock Markets: How to Profit by them.
- Investment and Speculation: Past, Present, and Future.
- The Science of Investment.
- The Theory of Successful Speculation.
- How and when to Operate in Home Rails.
- How and when to Operate in American Rails.
- Points concerning American Rails.
- How to Invest in Mines.
- Guiding Principles for Investors in Mines.
- The Controlling Groups in the Mining Market.
- Guiding Principles for Investors in New Issues.
- Guiding Principles for Speculators.
- Call Option: The System fully explained.
- Marginal Investment: The Prudent Operator's favourite method explained.
- Instalment Investment. Investment for Small Capitalists.
- Insurance as a means of Raising, Saving, and Investing Money.
- Protection of Capital and Increase of Income.
- The Re-arrangement and Re-adjustment of Investment.
- Stock Exchange Terms. Investment Tables.

Post Free on mentioning "The Sketch" to the Secretary,

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD.,
BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C.



For
Discriminating
Smokers

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

No. 555:	ASTORIAS,	No. 999:	No. 111:
	Billiard-Room Size,	Extra Quality,	Weight Only,
4/9 per 100; 6D. per 10.	6/6 per 100; 9D. per 10.	7/- per 100; 9D. per 10.	10D. per oz. of 26.

Of all Tobacconists and Stores throughout the World.
Manufacturers: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LONDON.